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# Midwest Folklore

SPRING, 1952

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# Midwest Folklore

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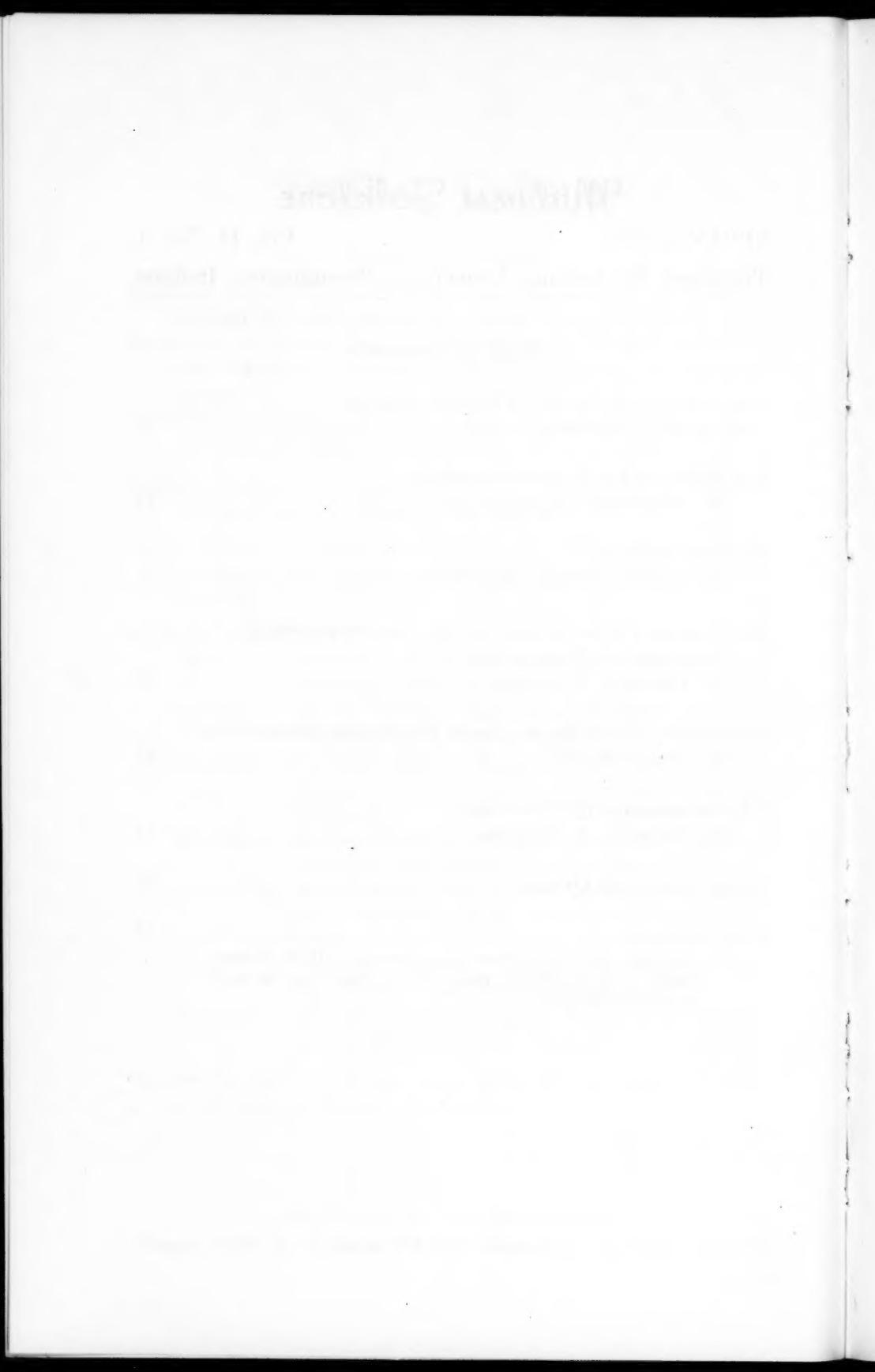
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## **Folklore in the Novels of Conrad Richter**

By JOHN T. FLANAGAN

The study of folklore is profitable in many ways. Excluding from the argument the appeal of folklore for its own sake, one quickly perceives values to the psychologist, the sociologist, the anthropologist, the cultural historian, and even to the intelligent amateur who goes to folklore simply to understand better the mores of his own society. These merits have long been recognized as sound and substantial. But there is an ancillary value to an understanding of folklore which the literary historian is slowly beginning to recognize and which has already produced important results. I speak of the study of folklore as it has been used by certain novelists, who may or may not have been dealing primarily with the folk but who have used folklore in all its many ramifications to enrich the social pattern, the characterization, the symbolism and suggestiveness of their fiction. Folklore in the plays of Shakespeare and in the Wessex novels of Thomas Hardy has long been recognized. The discovery that certain American novelists have also utilized folklore for similar purposes and often with equal artistry has been curiously recent.

Probably of the older American writers Mark Twain used folklore most obviously and most frequently, and it is not surprising that studies have already been made of his obligations.<sup>1</sup> Anyone at all familiar with the picaresque adventures of Huck and Tom can remember many examples of charms, superstitions, spells, legends, and animal tales. The varieties of dialect in *Huckleberry Finn*, to which Mark Twain called amusing notice in the preface to his novel, are further evidence of the author's deliberate reporting of the popular idiom. More recently students have for the first time seen genuine folklore in the *Magnalia Christi Americana* of Cotton Mather, in Benjamin Franklin and H. H. Brackenridge, in the poetry of Whitman and Frost, and in the novels of James Fenimore Cooper. Richard Chase's examination of Herman Melville's indebtedness to folklore, although it frequently exaggerates the thesis to the point of incredibility,

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<sup>1</sup> Bernard De Voto's *Mark Twain's America* (Chautauqua: 1933) is an excellent illustration of the value of reading a novelist against his cultural background. Constance Rourke's *American Humor* (New York: 1931) demonstrates the infiltration of folk elements into American writing on many levels. A more specialized study is Victor R. West's "Folklore in the Works of Mark Twain," *University of Nebraska Studies in Language, Literature and Criticism* (Lincoln: 1930), 87 pp.

bility, is another proof that a great American literary artist utilized folklore in many ways hitherto unperceived to broaden and subtilize his meaning.<sup>2</sup> Likewise, Richard Dorson has drawn attention to the frequent use of New England popular superstition and folk beliefs in the tales of Nathaniel Hawthorne.<sup>3</sup> Thus what appears to be secondary and is certainly familiar to the folklore fieldworker actually becomes of great significance to the critic of serious fiction.

The impact of the two World Wars on novelists of the last several decades has perhaps minimized the role of folklore either as central or as contributory in recent American fiction. But there is one current novelist who has employed folklore so frequently and so richly that it is surprising that no critic has previously pointed it out. I speak of Conrad Richter, the author of a trilogy of novels about the settlement of the old Northwest Territory, the last of which, *The Town*, appearing in 1950, was later awarded the Pulitzer prize for that year.

Richter's fiction is not limited to this trilogy. A native of Pennsylvania who moved about the year 1928 to Albuquerque, he has written both short stories and novels, and in his *The Sea of Grass* he achieved a memorable tale of the southwest ranching area which for sensitivity of style and subtle feeling for background rivals Willa Cather's more famous *Death Comes for the Archbishop*. In several of the short stories collected in the volume appropriately entitled *Early Americana* Richter also used various folklore themes, but such material is more apparent in the three volumes about the early Ohio Valley which so far comprise his chief artistic success, *The Trees*, *The Fields*, and *The Town*.<sup>4</sup> For that reason I shall deal with them exclusively.

*The Trees* begins with the story of Worth Luckett and his family who are heading westward out of Pennsylvania because of a game famine. Worth is a hunter, a nomad who lives off the country; when civilized life impinges too closely or the game becomes extinct he must move westward to exist. For him the role of the settler, anchored to one place and gradually changing from hunting to agriculture as a

<sup>2</sup> Richard Chase, *Herman Melville, A Critical Study* (New York: 1949). See especially p. 65 *passim*.

<sup>3</sup> Richard M. Dorson, "Five Directions in American Folklore," *Midwest Folklore*, I (Fall, 1951), 149-165.

<sup>4</sup> In prefaces to each of the novels Richter acknowledges his indebtedness to diaries, journals, old newspapers, manuscripts of reminiscences and travels, and chiefly to surviving old settlers who informed him to the best of their ability about speech, customs, and manners. He even claimed that he found in the New Mexico of the twentieth century, despite the difference in race and language, conditions which approximated those of the preceding centuries on the Pennsylvania frontier.

way of life, was impossible. So Worth, a true "woodsy," leads his reluctant wife, ripe for the "bury hole" at the age of thirty-seven, and his adventurous and eager children into the thick forests of Ohio. Eventually they erect a primitive cabin in the heart of the woods with "big butts" all around them and the interlacing branches thirty or forty feet above them shutting out all light except the tiniest glimpse of sunshine. And in this green tunnel they live. In *The Fields* one sees the gradual transformation of the country from woodland to farming section, the trunks of oak and hickory and maple being "niggeder off" or wantonly burned, and the farmers for years plowing around the stumps and across the roots. Sunlight finally dominates the clearings, and the warblers of the oak openings replace the "var-mints" of the thickets. Settlers excitedly report the appearance of "bee birds" and "quail pa'tridges," or robins and bluebirds. The final stage of the process is seen in *The Town*, in which novel Sayward Luckett (Worth's daughter and now the wife of Portius Wheeler, the Bay State lawyer) is the chief landowner of the community and is finally persuaded that a woman of her social and economic position should reside in a suitable house. But she does not long enjoy the fine brick dwelling which social and family pressure has forced her to occupy. And in her closing years one learns the fine irony of her action in planting trees in order to give shade and to replace the "big butts" that in her youth she tried in every way to destroy. For her and for the trees the cycle is complete.

The Lucketts are Scotch-Irish, uneducated, almost illiterate, simple but vigorous folk, self-reliant as frontier people must be in order to survive, individualistic, but except for Worth not ungregarious.<sup>5</sup> The Indian strain in the father's blood is perhaps balanced by the deep reverence and piety, although uncultivated, of the mother. Worth's habits are those of the primitive hunter, closer to the savage than to the settler, a man who under pressure invariably resorts to flight. And indeed Worth appears only in the opening chapters of *The Trees* and towards the end of *The Town*. The pattern of life for the Luckett family is established by the wife and is continued after her death by the oldest daughter, Sayward, virtually the protagonist of the whole trilogy.

<sup>5</sup> In a letter to the writer dated November 11, 1951, Conrad Richter remarks that he had always considered the Lucketts not wholly Scotch-Irish but with a strong admixture of Pennsylvania Dutch, either in blood or environment. He adds that his use of colloquial speech was, to the best of his knowledge, derived not from any literary source but from actually listening to the language of his family and his early friends in small Pennsylvania communities. "My good luck," he writes, "was that I heard most of it spoken and learned unconsciously when and how it was used."

Many a reader accustomed to the literary conventions of historical fiction will be surprised by the speech of the Lucketts, but it is self-consistent, appropriate, and meticulously recorded. The retention of northern dialectal terms in the everyday speech of the Luckett children will please the philologist. Here the Devil is always the "Diel." The smallest possible substance becomes a "hait," as in the expression "I don't give a hait for it." The girls "red up" or "redd out" the cabin. Bitten by a rattlesnake, one of the boys finally "overed" the poison. Along the "chousing" stream there are "beaver gats" and in the forest "flitched trees" serve as landmarks for the rustic proprietors. A panther is invariably a "painter." One sees neither a "passel" of people nor a "passel" of partridges, but in the forest cabin the young ones "scruch" around. It was as useless to cope with a determined woman as to head off a "gadd" or talk back to a "whaup."

Descriptions of cabin life resuscitate archaic words until certain passages sound like a linguistic museum. As soon as the Lucketts enter a more stabilized existence they cover their dirt floor with puncheons, probably hewn from solid logs by means of ax and froe. Noggins and gourds are handy table utensils and wooden trenchers serve as plates. It was a clumsy woodsman who couldn't whittle out "quaiches" and two-tined sassafras forks. A buckskin door hangs on hickory hinges, and fusils stand in the chimney corner in order to keep the priming dry. The family's "plunder," including the women's shortgowns, depends from antlers and pegs, in apparent confusion with traps, snares, and knives. "Snake doctors" (dragon flies) fly in swarms along the river, and the woods contain "gray moose" and "night dogs," the latter slobbering dangerously in the hot days of August.

Meat is the basic diet of the Luckett family, eked out by berries and nuts in season, until the fields begin to produce corn for meal. Dittany substitutes for tea and moss lemonade serves for a tonic. On one occasion Worth is entertained by a neighbor of greater social pretense and reports disgustedly on the "vittles" to his family. "Near as I could make out, it was some kind of snack betwixt dinner and supper. It wasn't a meal and it wasn't a piece. A cup of tea went with it." Importuned by his daughter for further details, Worth adds: "The tea, she said, come from Chiny. The rest was just this and that. I mind she had two kinds of breadstuffs. But never a bite of meat or gravy."<sup>6</sup>

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<sup>6</sup> Conrad Richter, *The Trees* (New York: 1940), pp. 100, 101.

The Lucketts of course use the standard illiteracies, substituting "er" for the terminal "ow" in words like *window*, *follow*, and *borrow*, turning "yellow" into "yaller" and "sermon" into "sarment," making "afeard" out of "afraid" and "cam" out of "calm." All Indians are "Injuns" and the vowel in words like "where" and "there" and "bear" becomes a broad "a." The pronunciation of "might" is usually "mought," "heard" becomes "heerd," "yit" is substituted for "yet," and such pronouns as *he* and *she* are commonly put into the accusative case.

Hornely idioms recur in the Luckett conversation. Genny, interested in her sister's welfare, doesn't ask how she is getting along but "Saird a keepin' good?" Jary, an old woman at thirty-seven, was "mighty near tuckered out." Portius, inaugurating a frontier school, could not accept all of the would-be scholars and "turned away many such though their pappies promised a grist of wheat or spinstuff." A certain cabin is described as not being particularly remote, not "more than a whoop and a holler." A woman who speaks out of turn is ironically presented: "Idy Tull had to go and say sweet as sap that has stood too long and started to work."

Chapter epigraphs in *The Town* illustrate the same interest in folk speech. An old saying, "Spit on your hands and take a fresh holt," sounds the keynote in an early chapter. The fifteenth chapter of the same novel has the initial motto,

Here I sow hemp seed, hemp seed I sow.  
Whoever wants me, come after and mow.

Proverbial sayings such as "Come day, go day, God send Sunday," "God buy me for a penny!" and "All of a piece of what they said before" introduce other chapters. And the final section of *The Town* begins with the very appropriate apothegm, "The tree casts its shade upon all, even upon the woodcutter." Some of the chapter epigraphs Conrad Richter borrowed from other novelists, notably Elizabeth Madox Roberts, Ellen Glasgow, and Caroline Miller.<sup>7</sup> And several, curiously enough, he quotes from remarks made by his own characters in the earlier books.

The emergencies of family life far from the amenities and resources of civilization often produce odd bits of traditional lore or superstition. Particularly when immediate medical care is required do such survivals emerge from the reservoir of the past. Young

<sup>7</sup> It should be pointed out that all three of these novelists made some use of the folk, notably Elizabeth Madox Roberts in her novel called *The Time of Man*, 1926, and Caroline Miller in her novel entitled *Lamb in His Bosom*, 1933.

Guerdon, striving to herd wayward cattle out of a swamp, is bitten by a rattlesnake. Realizing his danger, he heroically chops off the injured finger at the top knuckle with a corn cutter, wraps a piece of shirt around the wound, and staggers home. The mother cleanses the bloody stump as well as she can and uses whiskey in liberal portions both internally and externally, a treatment which eventually allows the boy to "over" his snakebite. But the neighbors helpfully offer all kinds of suggestions. One woman avers that the best cure is to take the boy out and dig a hole in the ground, then bury his hand and arm in it up to the shoulder. Another offers to kill a skunk, or possibly a black cat, and to put the bloody hide immediately upon the wound. A man claims that a particular kind of stone is a sovereign remedy since the stone, if found, would immediately begin to withdraw the poison from the wound. But fortunately for Guerdon his mother relies on the whiskey.

Jude MacWhirter's experience was less happy. Bitten by a wolf suffering from rabies, Jude is comforted by the frontier quack whom he consults and is told to take a pill specially manufactured out of even parts of burgundy pitch and green rue with a piece of paper with half a dozen ill-shaped letters included. Jude is also urged to take a purge of half a pint of white walnut bark tea when he gets home. "He was to be careful not to cut the bark up the tree or it would be for vomit. He had to cut it down the tree to work the way he wanted."<sup>8</sup> But probably Jude didn't follow instructions properly since the nostrum, had by the doctor originally from a priest in Abyssinia, failed to prevent convulsions and an almost immediate death. When a cholera-like plague attacked the settlement finally called Americus, Portius was afflicted and the doctor had nothing more potent to administer to him than pills rolled out of red pepper and asafoetida. But Portius, pickled and preserved by long indulgence in alcohol, did not succumb.

Less dangerous maladies called for less heroic measures but again tradition and custom were important. Malaria and sumach or ivy poisoning were almost the occupational disease of settlement. One couldn't do much for the "shakes" except to endure them, but for the terrific itching induced by close contact with forest plants there was always rubbing or bathing with a strong salt solution. When Achsa's attack of malaria becomes dangerous, her sister makes her drink scalding May apple tea in the hope of producing sweating and then refuses to allay the consequent thirst because tradition has it that cold water will kill the patient. But Achsa during the night creeps to the

<sup>8</sup> Conrad Richter, *The Fields* (New York: 1946), p. 124.

run near the cabin and drinks her fill with no serious after effects.

Superstitions transmitted from one generation to another sometimes affect the actions of the characters. Worth once shot an albino deer but refused to bring home the meat because he considered it tainted. It was common belief that when a white deer ran through the woods, the "spoiled flesh glowed and glirred in the dark like fox fire."<sup>9</sup> Some "woodsies" attributed human emotions to the trees and claimed that the "big butts" were soft-hearted as people. The pole of the cross on which Christ was crucified had been cut from pine, and pine ever since has bled. Likewise, the crosspiece was cut from quaking ash. "The quaking ash has shook ever since, and never can it live now more than the thirty-three years of the Lord."<sup>10</sup> In the light of this belief it is hard for Sayward to understand the disappearance in the forest of her little sister Sulie, who never harmed the trees more than to "shinny" up their branches or swing on a looping vine. The old hunter Worth, occasionally aware of his paternal responsibility, worries about the behavior of a young daughter, particularly on a night with a full moon. "Women were dull in the dark of the moon, but when the moon was full they were bold and free."<sup>11</sup> And young Wyitt, getting his first rifle, is convinced that he will be fortunate as a hunter because a witch master produced a charm for his gun: "Who hunts with this gun will be lucky."<sup>12</sup>

Staves of old ballads and fragments of folk songs remotely derived from the border minstrelsy of another land are heard occasionally. Song makes monotonous chores less dreary or reflects the mood of the character, as when Genny sings the curious lines,

Oh, the year was a risin' so bright and clear;  
And the young gal sot in the old woman's cheer.

Genny indeed is the warbler of the family, and her repertory includes hymns as well as songs: "Greenland's Icy Mountains," "True Thomas," "Sinclair's Defeat," "Purty Polly," and "Who's Afeard." Most of all she liked "Fly Up," a lyric with seasonal variations and an identical last line in all four stanzas:

Ice in the river,  
Possum in the dish.  
Snow bird, fly up,  
Give me my wish.<sup>13</sup>

<sup>9</sup> *The Trees*, p. 124.

<sup>10</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 179.

<sup>11</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 150.

<sup>12</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 225.

<sup>13</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 111-112.

Sayward's husband Portius did not sing but he liked to recite poetry, the verse of the Old Testament perhaps or very frequently Shakespeare. It was with conscious appropriateness that he began his speech on the celebration of the building of the first keelboat on the local river with the opening lines of a once famous poem by William O. Butler:

O, Boatman! wind that horn again  
 For never did the listening air  
 Upon its lambent bosom bear  
 So wild, so soft, so sweet a strain.<sup>14</sup>

Characters who can neither sing nor recite often rely on the proverb or maxim to explain conduct at critical times or to express their own thoughts more aptly. Sayward, always quiet and reticent and not knowing that the schoolmistress's coming baby had been fathered by Portius, repressed her surprise at the news that the schoolmistress was going to be married: after all, when a babe is on the way, a bride can't be a chooser. Earlier in the trilogy she had slowly become conscious of the sequence of the week, but she didn't mind washing on Sundays for it was obvious that the better the day, the better the deed. Laundry done on the sabbath would be especially clean and sweet-smelling. Nor did Sayward object to having the first meeting for the purpose of local tax assessments on Old Christmas for Old Christmas was bright as a new penny. But the year did have some dark days on which it was well not to schedule critical events: "Black Friday, when the Lord was massacred; the first Monday in April they called Cain's Birthday; and the last day in December when Judas Iscariot hanged himself."<sup>15</sup>

In the first novel of Richter's trilogy, *The Trees*, Sayward Luckett is an adolescent girl forced into early maturity by the need of taking care of her younger brother and sisters. In *The Fields* Sayward is the wife of Portius Wheeler and the mother of a brood of her own. In *The Town* Sayward is a grandmother and something of a matriarch, many years removed from her forest girlhood, painfully literate now, shrewd in human relations and sagacious in money matters as ever, self-reliant and energetic to the end. In her physical and social maturity Sayward grows farther away from the primitivism of her people. Her speech changes slightly and is less colloquial and illiterate. She has little need to rely on the cures, customs, and even

<sup>14</sup> William O. Butler's "The Boat Horn" was reprinted by Rufus Wilmot Griswold in his anthology *The Poets and Poetry of America* (Philadelphia: 1852), p. 527. There are slight verbal differences between Butler's text and the version which Portius recites.

<sup>15</sup> *The Fields*, p. 41.

domestic practices derived from tradition; outwardly she conforms more and more to the amenities of a developing civilization. Proverbial wisdom comes less frequently from her lips, the superstitions of the frontier have vanished, and much of the life of the folk has been supplanted by the conventions of the town.

As the trilogy advances Sayward's own brother and sisters either vanish from the story or play increasingly subordinate parts. Wyitt disappears like his father Worth to become a nomadic hunter, little Sulie is lost in the woods (but reappears much later in *The Town* as an Indian's squaw completely divorced from white existence), Achsa runs off with her brother-in-law and lives out her life near the "English lakes," and only Genny, deserted by Louie Scurrah, remains in the original neighborhood. Sayward's own children, nine in number, are reared in a somewhat different environment and come to their maturity in the town of Americus rather than in the backwoods hamlet of Moonshine Church. In other words, the circumstances of life for the first generation in the forests of Ohio are quite different from the social compulsions experienced by the second. It is not only that the physical dangers of Indian attacks, of wild beasts, and of imminent starvation have disappeared, but that Sayward's children are reared in a period when personal security, a certain amount of schooling, and social respectability are established commonplaces. Sayward herself may revert occasionally to the customs or speech of her youth, but her husband Portius, except for an early period as a fugitive "woodsy," has always regarded primitive life with Back Bay contempt, and the Wheeler children quickly forget their period of cabin existence.

As a consequence, Conrad Richter employs substantially less folklore in *The Town* than in the two preceding novels. Occasionally he utilizes the homely language, especially in describing Sayward's moods or deeds, that marks the first novels. In the opening chapter of *The Town*, for example, Sayward reflects that her child-bearing days are over and pauses to consider certain bodily changes. Earlier, at a time when she was badgered by young ones and still attempting to do more than her share of heavy farm work, she would have appreciated such a condition.

But now that she was a scutched tree, that it had come true like winter or taxes, she didn't know as she liked it so much. Not that she could do anything about it. Never could you go back once the door closed behind you. You could dig in your heels and grab holt, if you wanted, but you had to go on.<sup>16</sup>

<sup>16</sup> Conrad Richter, *The Town* (New York: 1950), p. 6.

Similarly, the colloquialisms of Sayward's children are the everyday abbreviations and slang of town speech rather than the older idioms of the frontier folk. Proverbs and maxims appear less frequently in the conversation. Doctors with professional training have made unnecessary the old reliance on popular cures and nostrums. Catches of old songs, vulgar riddles, country superstitions, folklore references are less a part of diurnal existence. Even the brief appearance in *The Town* of Johnny Appleseed, spreading his Swedenborgian gospel, seems an excrescence which may be attributed to the author's desire to fix his story in time.

But if the final novel of Conrad Richter's trilogy seems little indebted to folklore, there can be no question of the special vitality which folklore gives to *The Trees* and *The Fields*. The Luckett family and, at least in their youth, the Wheeler children live much of their lives in accordance with past conventions and traditions. Their hunting activities, the preparation of their food, their remedies in case of illness, the ceremonies of birth and marriage and death, their simple religion, their response to the supernatural, their social mores, all owe much to the dictates of the folk. Conrad Richter's fiction is the richer and the more convincing because he has seen fit to incorporate such material in his dialogue, action, and characterization. And if the portrait of Sayward Luckett Wheeler is the finest portrait ever drawn in fiction of the American frontier woman,<sup>17</sup> it might be contended that her excellence rests squarely on Richter's depiction of her as a woman strongly if often unconsciously influenced by racial and folk tradition. Her cultural legacy makes her what she is and demonstrates the tremendous importance of folk survivals in the frontier period.

*University of Illinois*

*Urbana, Illinois*

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<sup>17</sup> See the review by J. Donald Adams, *New York Times Book Review*, May 20, 1951.

# **The Study of Ethnography in Greece**

By DÉMÉTRIOS PETROPOULOS

It is perhaps possible to say that the study of ethnography in Greece began in the first years of the liberation from the control of Turkey, around the year 1830. At this critical moment in their national history, the Greeks were obliged to defend themselves against theories which denied their national individuality and jeopardized their independence. These theories were inspired primarily by the opinions of the German historian J. F. Fallmerayer who maintained in his historical works that the modern Greeks were not the true descendants of the ancient Greeks but a melange of divers races and peoples who had entered the country at different periods throughout the centuries. To these attacks the Greeks had to oppose authentic documents, documents which easily showed manifestations of modern Greek life. It was this interest above all which brought about a curiosity about the daily life of the people, about the monuments of popular literature—folktales, legends, songs, proverbs, etc.—which quite aside from their literary qualities, presented in most instances a remarkable resemblance to the analogous monuments of antiquity and of the Middle Ages. Thus, following the examples of a few romantic European writers, the Greeks published collections of these texts in independent volumes and fragments in revues and journals.

It was in the second part of the last century that an interest in folklore was developed. The editions grew more numerous and there was an increase in the publication of articles and texts in revues such as "Pandora" (1850-1872), that of the Literary Society of Constantinople (during the years 1863 and following), and the Bulletin of the Historical and National Society (during the years 1883 and following). It was in this period that the great scholar N. Politis, founder, to tell the truth, of scientific folklore in Greece, began to publish his interesting studies about the life of modern Greece, always with the constant preoccupation of proving by means of precise documents the rapport which existed between modern and ancient Greece.

In 1884 the same scholar introduced the Greek term *Laographie* with the same sense which at that time in Europe was applied to *folklore*, *ethnographie*, *ethnologie*, and *popular traditions*, and he set forth the proper limits for this new scientific field. In 1889 Politis began a series of publications about the life and language of the

Greek people. Of this series we have two volumes of popular traditions: the first, of 628 pages, contains the texts of 1,013 traditions; the second, of 1,348 pages, contains the commentaries on 644 traditions. There are also four volumes of proverbs in which may be found in alphabetical order (from the letter "A" through the letter "E") the proverbs of Greece with rich commentaries and with their comparisons with the proverbs of other peoples.

The foundation of the Folklore Society in Greece in 1908 contributed considerably to the development of ethnographical studies in that country. This society was founded with the object of collecting and of publishing all sorts of folkloristic materials; it had as its organ of publication the *revue Bulletin de la Société du folklore en Grèce*. The first volume appeared in 1909 and the thirteenth last year. In these volumes there are found texts and articles of extreme interest.

As far as the study of folkmusic is concerned, one must not fail to note the foundation by the state of the Archive of National Music in 1914.

The foundation of the Folklore Archives in 1918, later attached to the Academy at Athens, marks a significant date in the evolution of folklore in Greece.

One might say that up until this period ethnographical studies preserved a historical and national character. For the most part texts and articles concerning the intellectual and spiritual life of the people were published. In these materials the effort of the authors to bring forth documents which proved the perennial nature of the customs and the manner of life and thought in Greece and the national continuity was manifest. The study of material life remained on a subordinate level about which little was said and it was left entirely outside the realm of systematic study. It was solely after the end of the first World War (actually after 1922, the date of the end of the war in Greece) that it became possible to find ideas concerning material culture in ethnographical studies. The new social conditions created by the catastrophe of war and its displacement of the Greek population of Asia Minor and Eastern Thrace to continental Greece most certainly played an important role in changing the conceptions of folklore just as the influence of the European scientific movement certainly also marked the evolution of Greek science. In 1923, Mr. St. Kyriakidis, late professor of the University of Salonica, published his article "*Laographie grecque*," in which he fully specified details and boundaries of ethnographical studies. In 1925, the late folklorist D. Loucopoulos published his volume about the architecture of popular homes in Italy, and in the same year Madam Chatzimichali also

published a volume about folk art in Greece in which she discussed the subject of popular architecture in the island of Skyros as well as clothing and popular handiwork. At this time works of this type written by these and other scholars multiplied; they introduced new aspects of practical life which became objects of ethnographical study.

These studies particularly marked a step forward in the realm of research about popular dwelling places, and one might especially call attention to the research of Madam Tournidou on the houses of Arachova and the studies of Professor G. Megas about the houses of Lemnos, Thrace, and Thessaly, as well as his omnibus and most significant volume about popular dwellings in Greece, published in Athens in 1949, and translated into English in 1951 with the title *The Greek House*. It is evident that the historical nature of these studies shows an evolution from the point of view of precise documentation. As an indication of this one should note the article by Professor Romaios entitled "*Culte populaire en Thrace*" which was published in the eleventh volume of the *Archives du Trésor linguistique et folklorique de Thrace* and translated into French in 1949 in the publications of the *Institut français d'Athènes*.

Aside from the works concerning the practical life of the people, there has been another indication of the expansion of ethnographical studies and their new orientation: the founding of local societies for the purpose of stimulating the study of regional folklore. Such, for example, are the *Comité d'Epirotes* which in 1926 began to publish in Yannina the revue *Annales d'Epire* of which there are already sixteen volumes; the Centre des Traciens, founded in Athens in 1927, which in 1928 began to publish the revue *Thrakica* of which there are now sixteen volumes; the Comité d'études du Pont-Euxin, founded in Athens in 1928 and having for its organ the *Archives de Pont* of which there are now thirteen volumes; the Société historique et folklorique des Thessaliens, founded in Athens in 1930, and having for its organ the *Annales de Thessalie* of which there are now five volumes; a Comité des Traciens since 1934 has published the revue *Archives du trésor linguistique et folklorique de Thrace* of which there are now fifteen volumes.

In addition there are the Société d'études Chypriotes, founded in Nicosie in 1936 and having published since 1937 fourteen volumes of the revue *Etudes Chypriotes*; the Société d'études crétoises, founded in Candia-Athens in 1937, which has for its journal the revue *Annuaire de Société d'études crétoises*, of which there are now four volumes; the Union des Smyrnoites, who since 1938 have published four volumes of the revue *Annales d'Asie Mineure*; the Société d'études macé-

doinnes, founded in Salonica in 1939 and having as its journal the revue *Annuaire de la Société d'études macédoniennes*; the Centre des Dodécanésiens, founded in Athens in 1946 and having as its organ the *Revue dodécanésienne*; and finally a Comité à Candie which has published since 1947 four volumes of the journal *Annales de Crète*.

Most of these journals continued their publication after an interruption more or less long during the war and along with the journal of the Greek Folklore Society, of which we have spoken, have contributed considerably to the development of the study of ethnography.

It is also important to mention the existence of the archive of folkmusic and folklore of Asia Minor. This was founded in 1930 under the direction of Madam Melpo Merlier and it had as its primary purpose the recording of folkmusic, especially the folkmusic of the refugees from Asia Minor. Thus it was in 1930 that Madam Merlier, with the collaboration of Professor Hubert Pernot and other specialists, recorded a great many songs from different areas in Greece. The work has been continued, and at this time 640 disks have been recorded. Of late the folkmusic archive has interested itself as well with the general folklore of the refugees from Asia Minor. Because of this enlargement of its interests and thanks to the contribution of its specialists, this scientific structure has evolved considerably and carries today a name which corresponds to its work and aims: Centre d'études d'Asie Mineure. Among the researches of the Centre may be found such publications about the ethnography and linguistics of Asia Minor as "*le dialects de Farassa en Cappadace*" by N. Andriotis, Athens, 1947, "*La vie religieuse en Farassa*" by D. Loucopoulos and D. Petropoulos, Athens, 1949, "*Les proverbes de Farassa*" by D. Loucopoulos and D. Loucatos, Athens, 1951, and "*Le dialecte de Oulagatch*" by Kessissoglou, Athens, 1951.

In terminating this brief sketch of the centers for the study of folklore in Greece, it is particularly important to point out that the folklore archives of the Athenian Academy always remain the principal place for the study of ethnography. Founded, as we have said before, in 1918, the folklore archives have collected manuscripts touching on all aspects of folklore. Today one may find there over 1600 manuscripts from all of the regions of Greece, Cyprus, Asia Minor, and Eastern Thrace, and these manuscripts contain divers matters: customs of the people, songs, music, tales, legends, traditions, proverbs, religion, superstitions, folk medicine, popular law, rural life maritime life, instruments, folk dwellings, etc. Specialized scholars who have occupied themselves with particular classes of these materials have

filled out questionnaires prepared by the Director of the Archives, Professor G. Megas, and have prepared special scientific editions. For their own organ of publication the Archives have the revue *Annuaire des Archives folkloriques* in which the collaborators publish their studies; there have been four volumes of this journal published up to the present time.

One must also mention that in Salonica there exists an archive of folklore created by Professor St. Kyriakidis and attached to the university. It also contains a fairly large number of manuscripts.

There are two special chairs of folklore (one at the University of Salonica held by Professor St. Kyriakidis and the other at the University of Athens held by Professor G. Megas) which have for their assignment the preparation of students who wish to specialize in this area of study.

So far as museums and collections of folk art are concerned, we will list the principal ones in the chronological order of their foundation. The earliest, Le Musée historique et National d'Athènes, was founded in 1883 by the society of the same name. It is primarily a military museum containing objects and souvenirs from the war of independence in 1821 and a rich collection of regional costumes from the islands of Psara, Spetsai, Hydra, etc. The Museum of Decorative Arts in Athens was the next, founded in 1915. It contains a large collection of embroidery, gold and silver work, and wood carving. The collection of embroidery dates from the first centuries of our era. The Musé Benaki in Athens is a private museum, founded in 1931 by the wealthy Benaki family. It contains a very large number of pieces of folk art, regional costumes, pieces of gold and silver work, embroidery, and musical instruments, as well as a large number of ceramic pieces from Rhodes and some Chinese art. The Musée de Georges I, king of Greece, installed in a corridor of the old royal palace, contains souvenirs from the court of King George. Among these are costumes, jewels, armor, and coaches.

In Salonica is also found a museum of folklore which was founded by Professor St. Kyriakidis and which is attached to the university. It contains pieces of folk art which originated throughout the Macedonian region. Among the private collections we must particularly note the collection Stathotos in Athens containing embroidery as well as ceramics from Rhodes and Khoutahia (Asia Minor). The collections of Zachos and Efklidis in Athens also contain folk costumes, embroidery, gold and silver work, pottery, etc.

In summary, it is perhaps safe to say the historical and national character of the beginning of ethnographical studies in Greece has

been amplified during the last thirty years by extensive research into the life of the people and in particular into the area of material life. The special situation in Greece, because of the richness of its past, explains the particularly historical nature of its ethnographical studies, and, to a certain degree, their subordination to history and archaeology. Nevertheless, since these studies have shown more and more interest in all the manifestations of the life of the people, their subjects have differed more and more from those of other sciences and they have become attached to a socially independent science, ethnography.

*Paris, France.*

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## Arapaho Tales II<sup>1</sup>

By ZDENEK AND JOY SALZMANN

BLOOD-CLOT-BOY<sup>2</sup>

Many years ago there were two tepees standing side by side; in one lived an old man and his wife, in the other their daughter and son-in-law. The young man would often go out to hunt for meat, but whatever he brought back he would keep for himself and his wife. Sometimes the old man would go out to look around for meat, but for some reason he always failed to kill any game, even if he ran into a herd of buffalo. So at times he and his wife would become very hungry. His son-in-law always had plenty to eat, and sometimes when her husband was not around, their daughter would bring them scraps of meat.

One day the old man went out again into the hills to look for game. Suddenly he ran into a herd of buffalo, but they were in the open where it was hard to get near them. The old man thought awhile. Then he began to crawl toward them through the tall grass. When he thought he was close enough, he stood up; when the buffalo began to run, he ran towards them and took careful aim with his arrow. He knew that if he shot the buffalo right through the chest, he would kill it. As soon as the arrow struck the animal, it staggered as though it would fall. The old man watched it, but instead of falling, the buffalo began to walk away, and then suddenly it started to run. The old man was too tired to chase it and very disappointed that he had to go home again without any meat. He walked to the place where the buffalo had been hit and found much blood there that had come from the animal's mouth. When he looked at it closely, he saw a large clot of blood that had no dirt on it. He picked it up and wrapped it in his robe. When he reached home, he told his wife that again he had not been able to bring home any meat, but showed her the clot of blood and said that she might be able to make soup out of it. So his wife began to heat water in a pot, and when the water was good and warm, she threw the clot of blood into it. Just as soon as she had done this, they heard a baby screaming.

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<sup>1</sup> For "Arapaho Tales I" with notes on the collected material and a bibliography of sources of Arapaho tales, see *HF*, IX (1950), pp. 80-96.

<sup>2</sup> This tale was obtained from Mr. Goggles upon our explicit request for Blood-Clot-Boy.

They grabbed the clot of blood out of the pot and cut it open. There inside they saw a tiny baby boy, alive and breathing. They were both very happy at the thought of having a son, and they said, "This would not have happened if we had not been so old and poor." And they decided to raise the boy as their son.

In a short while the baby was able to cry so loud that the son-in-law heard it and said to his wife, "Go over to your parents' tepee and see if there is a baby with them." When the old man and his wife heard that their son-in-law knew about the child, they were fearful for its life because it was a boy. They told their daughter to go back and tell her husband that the child was a girl. So she went back to her tepee and said, "My parents have a baby girl." "Well," replied her husband, "you tell those old people that from now on we will share with them, that they will have plenty to eat. And when the baby grows up, she will be my wife." From that time on the son-in-law was very good to the old man and his wife. Since it was the custom in those times for a son-in-law never to enter the tepee of his mother-in-law, the young man never saw the baby.

It was not very long until the boy was big enough to run around, but he was always kept inside the tepee. One day he asked his father to make him a bow and some arrows. "How many arrows do you want?" asked the old man. "Not many. I will need just four," the boy replied. So the old man made the bow and four arrows for his son and said, "Here they are, but do not play with them outside. You can play inside. Shoot your arrows here in the tepee." The boy played inside as his father had told him to do, but he wanted to leave the tepee and run out-of-doors. He became tired of playing with his arrows inside, and he wanted to look around to see what he could shoot outside the tepee. Finally the old people could hold him inside no longer. So he went out of the tepee and began shooting close by. His brother-in-law then saw the child and knew for the first time that it was a boy and not a girl. Immediately he called his wife and said to her, "You have been deceiving me; you told me that the baby was a girl. I have fed your parents all this time, I have taken care of them, and now I find that you have not been honest with me." He was very angry and he ordered his wife to go to her parents' tepee; "Tell them," he said, "that I want the boy; I want to take him out hunting with me."

When the old man and his wife heard this, they were afraid to let the boy go with their son-in-law. They thought that he might kill their son when they were away in the hills. So their daughter went back to her tepee and told her husband that her parents did not

think they ought to let the boy go because he was still too young to go out hunting. He answered, "That does not matter. When I say that I want the boy to go out with me, he is going to go. You go back and tell your parents that I want the boy. I am asking this peaceably now, but if I have to ask four times, something will happen that they will not like." So his wife went again to her parents and told them that their son-in-law insisted that the boy go with him. The old man and his wife did not know what they should do. Just then their son said, "Please, mother and father, let me go with him. I want to go." "Do you think you are strong enough to make the trip?" they asked him. He answered that he knew he was and said that he was sure he would come back home again. So they decided to let him go. They kissed him good-by and said, "We hope you come back to us." He answered, "Don't worry, I'll come back."

So the son-in-law and the boy started off. The old man and his wife stood outside their tepee, watching them. The little boy was running along beside his brother-in-law, very happy that he was going out hunting. He looked back at his parents and smiled, which made his leaving seem all the worse to the old people. They watched the two until they disappeared over a hill. The old man and his wife stayed outside their tepee during the whole time that their son was gone, one or the other of them often walking some distance from their tepee to look for the boy. That evening when the sun was about to go down, they saw something moving far out on the side of a hill. While they were watching it, the sun went down behind the hill and they could no longer see it. They thought then that there was very little hope that their son would return. As the darkness came on, they were sitting outside their tepee, waiting. Suddenly they heard footsteps; they were sure that someone was coming. They both jumped up and hurried in the direction of the sound. Soon they could see their son. He was carrying with him a tongue and another choice piece of buffalo meat. First he ran up to his mother and kissed her, and then to his father. "I've brought you something to eat," he said. "You're not supposed to bring anything to us," they told him; "everything goes to you sister's tepee." The boy replied, "No, this is for you." "Where is your brother-in-law?" they asked. He answered very softly, "I shot him; he is dead." "How did you do it?" "I will tell you all about it," he said, and this is the story that he told them:

While the two were hunting, the brother-in-law had killed a buffalo. As he was butchering it, the boy grabbed a piece of meat and said that he was going to take it home to his parents. "Put that

back," his brother-in-law told him angrily; "you're not supposed to lay hands on my meat. Let your parents starve." So the boy stood there, looking at his brother-in-law and watching him cutting off more meat. When the tongue and a piece of the best meat had been cut off and put aside, the boy grabbed them both. His brother-in-law said, "Boy, I warned you once. I'm going to show you what I am." When the boy looked towards him, he saw a bear; he grabbed his bow and an arrow and turned to face him, not the least bit frightened. "What are you going to do?" asked the bear. "If you are angry enough to start anything with me, let me tell you that I can take care of myself," the boy answered. The bear laughed at him and said, "When I grab you, there won't be much left of you." The boy replied, "I'm sure you can't do anything to me." Just then the bear charged, but before he reached the boy, an arrow entered the side of his neck, pointed toward his heart. The bear turned and tried to run away, but the boy shot a second arrow, which hit him in the flank. The bear flopped down; he could neither talk nor breathe. Soon he was dead. The boy walked over to him, pulled the arrow out of his neck, and rubbed the blood off on the bear's nose. Next he pulled out his second arrow and rubbed it on the bear's side. Then he picked up the buffalo meat and tongue, walked back to the bear's body, and said to it, "You have been very mean to my parents. You will never be human from this time on; you will always remain a bear. Whenever any bear sees humans, it will run for its life." Then he started home with his meat. "And that is everything that happened," the boy told his parents.

His sister had come to their tepee while he was talking. When she heard what he had done, she began to scream. "You should not scream for that bear," he brother told her; "you should be glad that it won't bother you any longer. You are not supposed to live with a bear. If you are going to keep on crying, I will have to do something about it." When she heard this, his sister stopped crying, begged his pardon, and said, "I'm not at all sorry for my husband. I know that he was cruel to my parents; he tortured them long enough. I'm proud of you, and from now on I will do as you tell me. I will be happy with my parents again now that my husband is dead."

Then they went into one lodge and prepared food, all very happy that they were living together again with nothing to fear. It was the custom in those days to give a special name to an Indian who had done a brave deed. So that night the boy's parents tried to think of a suitable name for their son. They both had thought for a long time when suddenly the old woman said, "Why don't we call our son

Blood-Clot-Boy?" Everyone was in favor of the name, and from that time on, he was known as Blood-Clot-Boy, not only by his parents and sister but even by other neighboring tribes.

Soon the boy grew to be a young man. Whenever his parents and sister were in need of food, he would go out hunting, and he never came back empty-handed. Often Blood-Clot-Boy would go out to visit other groups of people or even other tribes to find out if anyone evil among them was causing the people to suffer, as the bear had caused his family to suffer. Sometimes he would be gone for several days. Once when he was on his way to visit a certain tribe, he happened to go through a thick stand of timber. Near the center of it he came upon a small cleared space covered with soft grass. On the ground there he saw a buffalo robe, hairy side down, skin side up. It was stretched out as though someone had just left it. He walked close to it, but he did not touch the robe because he saw spots of blood and matter on it, as if the person who used it had sores on his body. Blood-Clot-Boy made up his mind that he was going to hide himself nearby and watch to see what sort of person returned to the robe. Finally at evening he saw someone come out of the woods and walk towards the robe. Blood-Clot-Boy looked at him closely. He saw a very fierce-looking being with the hands, feet, and trunk of a man, but with pointed ears and a tail dragging behind him; his hair as bushy and there were open sores all over his body. When he reached his robe, he said "Somebody has been here, looking at my robe, and I know who he is. Come out, come out! I know where you are." So Blood-Clot-Boy walked towards him, not at all afraid of him. The strange man said to him very roughly, "Since you are here in this place which belongs to me, I want to play a game of chance with you before I let you go." "All right," Blood-Clot-Boy answered, "whatever you want to do, I'll do with you." "You're smart to accept," he was told. "I'm not afraid to admit that I am smart," Blood-Clot-Boy said; "quit talking and show me the game. I'll gamble with you." He was just as rough as the strange man. "We will each gather sticks," the fierce-looking man told him, "and then pile them up ready to make a fire. See that they are piled so that a fire can be started quickly. I will give you enough time to get ready." All right," said Blood-Clot-Boy, and he began to gather sticks. When they each had their sticks piled ready, they stood beside them. Blood-Clot-Boy waited to see what was to happen next. The strange man said, "I'm going to count to four, and when I say 'four,' you begin building your fire. Whichever of us gets a fire started first wins." "All right," said Blood-Clot-Boy, and the strange man began to count.

"One, two, three, four!" he said, and they started. Blood-Clot-Boy jumped over his pile of sticks from one side to the other, and then crosswise from one end to the other. As soon as he had done this, his fire blazed up high. The strange man was still blowing under his pile of sticks, but only smoke was coming up, no flame. Blood-Clot-Boy gathered more wood and made his fire even bigger while the other man was still trying to start his fire. Finally he gave up, and Blood-Clot-Boy said, "That beats you, doesn't it?" "No," the strange man replied, "I'm not through with you. You haven't beaten me yet. I'm going to throw you in this fire, and if you come out alive, then you beat me." He tried to grab Blood-Clot-Boy, but he was not quick enough, and Blood-Clot-Boy jumped aside. The strange man became very angry and said, "You seem to think you are very smart." Blood-Clot-Boy replied, "I'm sure I am smart." Then he grabbed the strange man and threw him into the fire. He picked up a stick, and whenever the man tried to get out of the fire, he held him there with it. He did not want to touch him with his bare hands. The strange man fought hard to get out, but Blood-Clot-Boy held him there in the middle of the fire. The meat began to burn off the man's bones, but still he was alive. Blood-Clot-Boy held him there until he seemed to be completely burned and the fire had died down. He spread the ashes and listened carefully, and wherever there was a tiny piece of meat left on a bone, he could hear the man talking angrily. So he rolled the bones over the embers until every bit of meat was burned and he could no longer hear the man's voice. Then he decided that he would stay in that place until even the bones were burned. He gathered more sticks, piled the bones in the center of the fireplace, and built another fire. When only ashes were left, he gathered them up and said, "You are a devil. That's why you wanted to play the fire game. You have been evil, and you have led people to be evil. Now you are dead, condemned for good. No more of you!"<sup>8</sup> Then he took the stick, walked over to the robe, lifted it up without touch-

<sup>8</sup> According to the informant, Blood-Clot-Boy's action marked the end of the devil's power over the Indians; however, the white people, having never destroyed their devil, are still led astray and harmed by him.

In this connection the informant volunteered the following incident. Some years ago, an Arapaho friend of his, mentioned by name, was on his way from Canada to his home on the Wind River Reservation. Waiting for a connection at a Montana station, he was approached by an elegantly-dressed man, who was wearing a hat and swinging a cane, and whistling to himself. He asked the Indian where he was going and if he had had something warm to eat that day. The Indian answered that he had no money to buy food. Then the man pulled from his pocket a silver dollar and handed it to him. As the man walked away, the Indian, who was pleased at this turn of events, happened to notice a hoof showing where there should have been a foot. He

ing it himself, and carried it to the fire. He waited until it was completely burned, and then he went home. He told his father and mother what he had done and answered all their questions. They believed everything he had said—that the evil being really was dead and that they would not have to fear him ever again. Other people who heard his story believed him too, and his parents were very proud of their son.

Some days later he told his parents and his sister that he would make another trip. When he was all prepared, he set out, telling his parents that he did not know just when he would return. After he had traveled all day, he reached a camp. He did not want to show himself in the daytime, so he waited until it became dark. Then he moved up toward the tepees. He saw one standing by itself, out of sight of the others. He watched it closely, and at last he saw an old woman come out of the tepee to gather wood for her fire. He knew then that she lived alone. When she had gone inside again, he walked to the tepee, and when he was standing beside the doorway, he said in his own language, "Whoever you are in there, may I come in?" The old woman understood him and said, "Certainly. Please come in." So he entered the tepee and the old woman made him welcome. "You are my grandson," Blood-Clot-Boy, she said, just as though she had always known him; "you are welcome, my grandson, although I am a poor woman. You see that my tepee is set apart from the others. I am not in their class." "Never mind," Blood-Clot-Boy told her, "all I need is a place to rest for the night." The old woman began to prepare some food for him, but all she had was a few small pieces of dried meat. He said to her, "Grandmother, whatever you have, put it back. But go out to one of the fallen trees nearby, pull off some of the bark, and bring back here as much as you want to carry." So the old woman went out and brought back an armful of bark from a fallen tree. When she took it into the tepee, Blood-Clot-Boy said to her, "Put the bark beside your bed where you can reach it when you begin cutting up meat. Place the bark there." She did as he said. Then he told her to turn away from it for a moment. So she did not look until Blood-Clot-Boy said, "All right, now; take

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immediately recognized the man as the devil and decided to rid himself of the coin. However, when he reached into his pocket, the silver dollar was gone.

When asked to explain the seeming inconsistency of this incident and the belief he had previously expressed in connection with Blood-Clot-Boy, the informant pointed out that the devil had not been able to trick the Indian and again asserted his belief in the authenticity of Blood-Clot-Boy's action and its consequence.

\* Implies age difference rather than kinship.

some of this meat and cook it." When the old woman turned back, the bark had been changed to good sliced meat with fat on it, which she was very happy to see. When it was cooked and ready to be eaten, she set the meat out for them. They ate until they were satisfied and then put away the rest of the food for another time.

They sat and talked until very late in the evening; all the other people in the camp had already gone to sleep. The old woman said to Blood-Clot-Boy, "My grandson, I am going to give you a warning. A good-looking young man like you should not be here because we have a dangerous man in this camp who kills any visitors who come this way." "I have been walking all day and I am very tired," Blood-Clot-Boy told her, "and if you will let me lie down and sleep here, before daybreak I will leave." "You may sleep here," said the old woman, "but I will not sleep. I am going to wait until I know that you have had enough rest and then I will wake you." So Blood-Clot-Boy went to sleep, and the old woman sat up watching. When she thought it was nearly morning, she called to him, "Get up, it is almost morning!" But Blood-Clot-Boy said, "Let me sleep a little longer," and he went back to sleep. When it was daybreak, she called to him again. "It is daybreak; you had better get up now and be going." But Blood-Clot-Boy was still very tired, and while the old woman was talking to him, he fell asleep again. She did not know what to do next, and she began to be very much afraid. Soon she heard footsteps coming toward her door. A woman looked in toward the place where the boy was lying asleep. She saw him, but she said nothing and turned back the way she had come. The old woman knew that it was the wife of the wicked man. This woman went back to her tepee and said to her husband, "Blood-Clot-Boy is here with the old woman. He was smiling at me." She said this to cause trouble. Her husband, who happened to be the head of the camp, sent for the announcer, and when he arrived, the cruel man told him to announce that there was a visitor in the camp by the name of Blood-Clot-Boy and that he wanted to play a game with this visitor. The announcer spoke all this to the people in a loud voice so that they could all hear him. When the old woman heard it, she woke up Blood-Clot-Boy and told him, "Listen, now! They know you are here. I was trying to wake you but you wouldn't get up." Then Blood-Clot-Boy did get up, but he took his time getting ready for his breakfast. The announcer kept calling to him to hurry up and meet the headman of the camp for the game. Finally the cruel man said that in a short time he would have the announcer give the last call. Still the boy did not leave the old woman's tepee. "I'm going to comb my hair

first," he told her, and he took his time. On the last call he was finally ready, and he walked over to meet the man, who did not greet the boy in a friendly manner. "I have heard much about you," he told Blood-Clot-Boy; "I have heard that you can do almost anything. I am going to play a game with you, and if you win, if you beat me, you can do with me as you please. And if I win, I will do something to get rid of you."

All the people of the camp had gathered to watch. They were sorry that such a fine young man would have to be killed by their chief. Blood-Clot-Boy looked around at all the people and smiled, not at all afraid. He asked the man what kind of a game they were going to play. "We are going to shoot arrows,"<sup>5</sup> he was told. They stepped off the proper distance and set stakes at either end of it. The distance was long—so long that when they stood at one stake they could barely see the other one. They were each to shoot four times. "Whenever one of us wins a point," said the cruel man, "he must put down an arrow beside him as a marker." "All right," answered Blood-Clot-Boy. The man shot first. His arrow stuck into the ground so close to the stake that he was sure Blood-Clot-Boy could not beat him. Then it was Blood-Clot-Boy's turn. He watched his arrow as it speeded toward the stake. He stood there smiling as he watched it hit the stake, for in this game if one of the players hit the stake with his first shot, he won. All the people were glad to see his arrow in the stake and they shouted, "Blood-Clot-Boy has won!" When the cruel man saw that the people were happy that he had lost, he became very angry; his own people were siding with the visitor against him. So he said, "I see now that my people are all for Blood-Clot-Boy because he is good-looking. I will do away with him." All of a sudden instead of the cruel man the people saw a buffalo standing before them. His horns shone like hard steel. With his hooves the buffalo began to throw up dust, as though he were getting ready to charge. The he lowered his horns and charged toward Blood-Clot—they could safely watch to see what would happen. Blood-Clot-Boy remained where he was, smiling. The big buffalo bull began to blow green smoke from his nostrils. When he blew a second time, the smoke was red. Blood-Clot-Boy was still smiling, not at all afraid.

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<sup>5</sup> This game was still played during the informant's early years. Two contestants used four or more arrows each and shot by turns. One arrow each was shot before the game to determine who would shoot first, the one whose arrow was nearer the stake winning the privilege. The first to win four points won the contest. One point was scored for each arrow closer to the stake than any of the opponent's. An arrow touching the stake counted for three points, while an arrow shot into the stake counted for four and thereby won the game.

A third time the bull blew through his nostrils, and this time the smoke was yellow. On the fourth time, the smoke was white, like fine white powder. When he saw that, Blood-Clot-Boy held his bow ready to shoot, arrow poised. He knew that the bull was about to charge. When the bull saw that Blood-Clot-Boy was planning to shoot, he began to move backward so that he could get a running start for his charge. Then he lowered his horns and charged toward Blood-Clot-Boy. When he was almost on top of the boy, he reared up, sure that he had gotten him. But Blood-Clot-Boy was quick and he jumped aside. The bull was very angry and he charged again. This time he ran a little faster than the first time. Blood-Clot-Boy shot his arrow at the bull, and it hit him in the chest, going through his body and sticking into the ground behind him. Barely able to walk, the bull turned around, taking very short steps, and tried to reach his tepee. But before he got there, he stopped, head down. He stood there awhile, and then finally fell to the ground. He lay there kicking, trying to get up, but he was not able to stand. He was still breathing, but blood was coming from his mouth and he could not talk.

Blood-Clot-Boy gathered up his arrows and put them away. Then he went over to the dying buffalo and said, "You are a buffalo bull, yet you have been living among humans. Hereafter you will not be found among people; whenever you see humans, you will run for your life. Then he saw that the buffalo's eyes had turned a bluish color, and by this he knew that the bull was dead. Only then did the people dare to come near it; they all gathered around Blood-Clot-Boy, thinking that he must be a very great man, for he was the first to overcome their wicked chief, who had killed many people of several tribes. Blood-Clot-Boy ordered the people to move their camp away from the dead buffalo so that coyotes, tigers, and other animals could eat the carcass. Then the people asked him if they could do something to show him how much they appreciated what he had done for them in freeing them from the bull. Blood-Clot-Boy told them that they did not have to give him a feast or do anything for him and said that he was very glad he had been able to help them; but the time had now come for him to go home, for he had been away from his home for several days. "My father may be sitting on the high hills watching for me," he said. "I will go now so that my father can see me coming before it is dark. Do not be afraid any longer, but be happy. Select your new chief, and when you have selected him, obey him. Some day I will see you again."

Then he left the camp and set out toward his home. He walked the rest of the morning and all afternoon; when the sun was getting

low, he reached the hills that were near his home. There his father could see him, and he rushed back to tell his wife and daughter that the boy was on his way. It was dark when Blood-Clot-Boy reached home and found his supper all prepared. He met his parents with a smile, and after he had rested, he answered his father's questions. He told them everything he had done—how he had stopped with the old woman, what had happened that morning, how he had killed the bull. His father hardly believed the story at first, because he knew how hard the bull was to kill, but when Blood-Clot-Boy told him just how the arrow had entered the bull's chest, gone through his body, and stuck into the ground, his father believed that the bull was really dead.

Some days later Blood-Clot-Boy again went out; he traveled a long way until he came to a camp of people. When he went among them, they seemed to know him. "Are you Blood-Clot-Boy?" they asked him. "I am," he answered. "We wish you had never come here," they told him. "Such a handsome young man as you should not come to us, for we are poor people and have nothing to eat." "I am going to help you," said Blood-Clot-Boy; "I have come to see how you are getting along, and if there is anything I can do for you, I will be glad to do it." "Well, then, we have something here that is impossible to get rid of. It is a snow-white crow which flies high in the air. Whenever we go out to hunt buffalo, this crow cries 'Caw, caw!' to warn the herd, and the buffalo run away before we are close enough to kill any. That is why we are hungry and poor. The white crow has been torturing us for a long time, but we can do nothing about it." "I will catch that white crow," said Blood-Clot-Boy. "How will you do it? He is far up in the air." "Just leave it to me; I can catch him," he told them. Then he asked the people for seven sinews. Next he called for seven men and told them to soak the sinews until they could be separated into strands. When they had done this, six of them twisted the many strands together into string while the seventh wound it on a stick. When it was finished and dried, the string was long and very strong. Then Blood-Clot-Boy said, "Tomorrow early in the morning all of you must come to this lodge so that you can watch me catching the crow. Bring with you some green wood and some dry manure."

So the next morning they all went to the lodge and took the things he had asked for. "Now I am ready," said Blood-Clot-Boy. The crow was high in the air. "Caw, caw!" he cried, "Blood-Clot-Boy, I know you are there, but you cannot catch me for I'm too high

in the sky. I will still torture these people." Then Blood-Clot-Boy took the ball of sinew string, made a loop on the loose end, and blew it up through the opening in the top of the tepee. As the string flew up, the ball unwound in Blood-Clot-Boy's hand. Finally the loop caught the crow around his neck. Then Blood-Clot-Boy began to rewind the string, bringing the crow down closer and closer. He told the people to build a fire with the green wood and manure so that there would be a thick black smoke rising from the top of the tepee. The crow knew that he could not get away. "Caw, caw!" he cried, for he was coming close to the smoke. "Please, please, Blood-Clot-Boy, pity me and set me free. I will not torture the people any more. Let me go!" "No, you have been torturing these people too long," Blood-Clot-Boy answered; "I will do something to you that will change you forever." He held the crow there in the thick black smoke until the bird was half dead; he was choking and black all over from the smoke. "Now, crow," said Blood-Clot-Boy, "bear this in mind. You will be black from now on; your color will never change. You will be a scavenger and fly around wherever an animal has been killed, robbing its bones of meat. You will eat anything that is rotten because you will always be hungry." Then he pulled him in through the top of the tepee until he could reach him. He took the sinew off the crow's neck and said to him, "Look around here at all these people that you have been mistreating for no reason at all. You have enjoyed doing it. Hereafter whenever you see buffalo near this camp, you will come here early in the morning and cry, 'Caw, caw!' so that the people will know there are buffalo nearby." "Yes, yes, I will do that," answered the crow. "Because I pity you, I will not kill you," Blood-Clot-Boy went on to say; "I will be here early in the morning and I want you to come and tell us if there is any game around here." "All right, all right, I'll come back," answered the crow. Then Blood-Clot-Boy freed him outside the tepee and the bird flew away. So Blood-Clot-Boy stayed that night with the people to be sure that the crow would do as he had been told.

Early the next morning the people heard the crow cawing as he flew toward the camp from the hills. He was flying very low and came down where Blood-Clot-Boy was. "Right over the hill is a herd of buffalo, enough for all of you," the crow told them. "All right," said Blood-Clot-Boy, "now you may go." All the people hurried over the hill; Blood-Clot-Boy went along to see if the crow was telling the truth. Sure enough, there were many buffalo there. The people took

all the meat they wanted and carried it back to their camp. They were very happy, and from that time on they were never hungry. Even now, whenever there is something around to eat, the crow is there crying, "Caw, caw!"

When Blood-Clot-Boy saw that the people no longer needed him to help them, he went back home. His father was watching for him from the hills, and when he saw him coming, he hurried home to tell his wife. "Our son is coming home now. Prepare a good meal for him." When Blood-Clot-Boy reached home, he told his father what he had done to the white crow. "How did you catch it? What did you use?" his father asked him. His son told him all that he had done—how many sinews he had used to make the string, how many men he had needed, everything. The old man thought that his son had done a great thing for the people.

Time went on. Blood-Clot-Boy stayed home for awhile and rested. He was old enough to have his own home. His father talked to him and told him that he had gone out to help people and had done dangerous things, but that now it was time for him to settle down. "I want to have a good daughter-in-law," he told his son. So Blood-Clot-Boy told his father that he would visit several camps and look for a suitable wife. The first group of people he met were very happy to see him and have him stay with them. While he was there a young woman came up to him and asked if she could live with him. Blood-Clot-Boy asked her if she really meant what she said. "I do mean it," she answered; "I really would like to have you for my husband. If you take me, it will make me very proud. Whenever you get ready to go back home, I'll go with you and stay with you." Blood-Clot-Boy replied, "I will take you to my home, but it will be up to my father to decide. I will do as he says." And when he left the camp, the young woman went with him. She was very happy for all the people to know that she was going with such a handsome young man as Blood-Clot-Boy. When they reached his home, his parents and sister came out to meet them. The young woman smiled and kissed them, hoping that she could become one of the family. Blood-Clot-Boy's father watched the young woman carefully; he saw that she was good-looking and that she seemed to be kind. The girl was invited to stay with them for a few days until the old man could make up his mind about her.

One morning when they were all getting up from breakfast, Blood-Clot-Boy's father said that he was ready to give his answer. "I have studied this young lady these few days she has been with us.

I know what kind of a woman she is. She might do well for a short time, but later she would not be true. The next time she meets a nice-looking man, she will fall in love with him. She would bring shame to you and to us all. See that she gets back to her home safely; then come back here. You are my only son under the sun. I would not turn down this girl if I had not seen her ways plainly. The one woman I would like you to find is called Béebeyihit,<sup>6</sup> but I do not know where she lives." The girl had heard all that he said, and she was very unhappy. Blood-Clot-Boy began to answer his father. "When you first found me and took me to be your son, you saved my life. You brought me up, and I consider you, my mother, and my sister as my real family. I believe everything that you have told me. I will do just as you say." So he and the girl made ready to return to her people. When they reached her home, Blood-Clot-Boy told her, "Now I've brought you safely back home. Go to your father and mother, stay with them; when they advise you, follow their advice. The next time you find a young man, he will not have to bring you back; he will keep you. My father does not want me to marry a girl only because she is pretty; he wants me to have a woman who has a good mind and who is true. You might have been unfaithful to me, and that is why I had to bring you back. Bear in mind what has happened so that you can benefit from it next time." He kissed the girl, sorry for what had happened to her. Blood-Clot-Boy then went back home, downhearted. He was very sorry that he had made a mistake. When he reached his home, his father was smiling and his mother and sister were glad to see him. They did everything they could think of to make him happy again.

So a second time his family thought that he should go out to look for a suitable wife. This time he did not go out into the open plains. Instead he moved along where the timber was thick, close by the river. While he was looking around in the brush, he saw a tepee standing by itself. Blood-Clot-Boy stayed close to it, watching to see who lived there. All day he watched, but no one came out. He knew someone was there, for at noon he had seen smoke coming from the top of the tepee. Finally at sundown a young woman carrying a bucket came

<sup>6</sup> This word, very seldom used, presented difficulties when an attempt was made to analyze it to determine its meaning. However, two usages other than the one in the tale were mentioned by the informant which indicate fairly well the meaning of the word. First, it is used of the Virgin Mary, as béebeeyihit Mary; secondly, it is used of a person showing scrupulous or unexpected honesty, who may be told, "You're not a béebeeyihit!" From the aforementioned examples, one can easily infer that the word indicates chastity, honesty, kindness, diligence, as well as other good qualities.

out and started toward the river to get water. Blood-Clot-Boy moved quietly through the brush and stood beside the trail at the river's edge. The girl was walking down the trail when she looked up and saw a handsome young man standing there. She stopped and stared at him. Blood-Clot-Boy smiled at her. She did not smile at him, but turned back to her tepee. As she was walking back, she laughed and said, "Blood-Clot-Boy seems to be trying to win me." Blood-Clot-Boy heard her, but he said nothing. He decided that he would not go home that night; he wanted to stay to find out what sort of person the young woman was.

Early the next morning he was waiting by the river when a mouse came up to him and asked, "What is troubling you? You were here all day yesterday and all night. Is there anything I can do for you?" Blood-Clot-Boy answered, "I want to know if the young woman who lives here is Béébeyihit." "Yes, she is," answered the mouse. "I want to talk to her, but she will not let me come near," Blood-Clot-Boy told him. The mouse laughed; "Oh, that's nothing," he said. "I will run across this path. When she crosses my tracks on her way to get water, she will stop and talk to you. I can do that much for you." Then the mouse ran off. Blood-Clot-Boy waited and waited. When the sun was high in the sky, the young woman at last put her head out of the tepee and looked around to be sure there was no one there. Then she came out and walked towards the river. But just before she would have crossed the mouse tracks, she stopped and stood still. She laughed again and said, "Well, Blood-Clot-Boy, you seem to be still trying to win me, but you will have to try harder." Then she turned and went back to her tepee. Blood-Clot-Boy was very downhearted, but he stayed near her tepee. Often he would say, "I wish someone were here to help me." Toward evening he walked into the brush, hoping he might find somebody to help him. When he reached the thickest part of the brush, he saw an old woman sitting there. "What is troubling you, my grandson?"<sup>7</sup> You have been here near the river for a long time. Is there any way that I can help you?" she asked. Blood-Clot-Boy explained to her that he wanted to talk to the young woman, but that she would not let him get close to her. "Well," said the old woman, "I will tell you this. When she opens the door of her tepee enough to let in the rays of the sun tomorrow, you will have her. Be patient. If this does not work, do not give up. Someone else will help you." So all the next day Blood-Clot-Boy waited and watched, but Béébeyihit did not even put her head out

<sup>7</sup> See footnote 4, p. 27.

of the tepee all day. She kept the door flap shut tight. Blood-Clot-Boy was hungry and thirsty, but he would not leave his place.

On the fourth morning Blood-Clot-Boy again was waiting by the river. While he was standing there, a black bird flew close to him and asked, "What is troubling you? Is there anything I can do for you?" Blood-Clot-Boy told the bird that he wanted to talk to Béébeyihit and ask her if she would be his wife, but that she did not want to talk to him or have anything to do with him. "I can help you," the bird told him. "I know you and your family. You are good people. There is no reason why she should turn you down. I belong near the rivers and I can help you. You must wait here. When she comes to get water, watch her from a distance. The minute she dips water into a bucket with a horn dipper, she will change her mind. She will look around and call you, but don't go close to her. Wait in your hiding place." Soon after this the girl came out of her tepee carrying a horn dipper and a bucket. Blood-Clot-Boy was in his hiding place near the river. When she reached the water, she looked down, then stepped back without getting any. "I did not think that Blood-Clot-Boy was still here," she said. On her way back to her tepee she saw him. She walked close to him and looked him over from his feet to his head. Blood-Clot-Boy smiled at her kindly, but she turned back toward her tepee. When she had nearly reached it, she called back, "Blood-Clot-Boy, you will have to try still harder to win me!" Blood-Clot-Boy thought about what she had said. He had neither eaten anything nor drunk any water since he had left home, but he decided that he would not leave that place until he fell down from weakness. He began to feel that he needed more help to win this young woman. He wandered around, but when he could find no one at all to help him, he sank down into the tall grass and sat there, feeling so discouraged that he was nearly ready to cry. He pitied his father and mother and sister when he returned without anyone; what would they think of him? Yet all the time he knew that he could never fail in whatever he decided to do.

While he was sitting there, a small insect came up to him, the one which the Arapaho call nih?óó8oo, which means spider.<sup>8</sup> "What is troubling you?" asked the spider. "What is worrying you?" Blood-Clot-Boy told him about the young woman and how much he wanted to talk to her, but she did not seem to be interested in him. "Well," said the spider, "don't worry. I will help you. You will get to see the girl; I will make her talk to you. Wait here until I return. I

<sup>8</sup> For another meaning of nih?óó8oo, see "Arapaho Tales I," fn. 17, p. 95.

will go to the tepee and climb up the left side of the doorway just to the height of her head and then spin my webs all around the tepee. When she puts her head out, she will touch the webs." So the spider went to the tepee, climbed up as he had said he would, and circled the tepee several times with his webs. Then he hurried back to Blood-Clot-Boy, told him what he had done, and said, "Whenever she puts her head out of the door, we will have her." But the young woman stayed inside. She needed water and wood, but she was afraid to go out. About sundown she decided that she had to get wood and water for the night, and she thought that she would get enough to last her until Blood-Clot-Boy had left. Just as she put her head out of the tepee, she felt the spider webs across her face and throat. She laughed and looked around. "Blood-Clot-Boy, Blood-Clot-Boy," she called, "come here, you have caught me!" Blood-Clot-Boy came out from the brush and walked towards her, smiling as he had before. She walked towards him with a very kind smile and met him, saying, "Come here close to my tepee. I will go back inside and you must wait here for me." So she went back into the tepee and Blood-Clot-Boy stood there waiting. When she came out again, she brought some beautiful rugs that she had made of fur. She spread them out so that Blood-Clot-Boy could walk on them. Then she said, "I will go back in and prepare for you. When I say, 'Come in,' you may come into the tepee." She went inside and began to dress herself carefully, putting on her best clothes and her best moccasins and combing her hair. Then she prepared some food for Blood-Clot-Boy. Last of all she laid out for him to see everything that she had made while she had been living alone. Then she said, "All right, come in." When he entered, he was so surprised at what he saw that he nearly fainted. He had never before set foot into a tepee with so many beautiful things. "Please sit down and make yourself comfortable," she told him. Then she got some water in a cup and gave it to him, saying, "You may take this water. I know that you have not had any while you have been here." Blood-Clot-Boy was thirsty, but every time he took a swallow, the water would hardly go down for the big lump in his throat; he was so happy that at last the young woman was returning his kindness that he felt as if he were going to cry. Then she said to him, "I will give you some of my food, but I am a woman and do not have the best food because I cannot go out hunting as a man can. I hope it will satisfy your hunger." Blood-Clot-Boy began to eat, and because he was very hungry, he ate everything that she had put out for him. When he finished eating, the young woman gave him water and a cloth so that he could wash his hands and face.

Then she poured the water outside and sat down beside the young man. "Now I am going to ask you what you want to tell me. You have been here for four days and three nights and I want to hear what you have to say." So Blood-Clot-Boy explained to her why he had stayed there to talk to her, although she had not paid any attention to him at first. He told her that he was looking for a woman who was honest and true, a good woman who would please his father and mother and sister. "It is all up to you now," Blood-Clot-Boy finished, "to answer whatever you want to." The young woman had listened very carefully to all that he had said, and now she sat there quietly, as if she were thinking over the whole matter. At last she began to speak. "Meeting you and having you come to my tepee has made this a very nice evening. You are the kind of man I have been waiting for; no one else would do. Stay here with me for a few days, and I will prepare gifts for your father, your mother, and your sister. Then you will take me to your parents. I have decided to live with you. Do not hesitate to stay here; this is our home." So Blood-Clot-Boy stayed there and they lived in her tepee for several days while she worked to make ready her gifts. Blood-Clot-Boy was very happy there and he laughed often. During the time that she had lived alone she had made moccasins decorated with dried porcupine quills, buffalo robes, otter hides for a man to wear, and many other things. For her father-in-law she found a buffalo robe, a shirt, leggings, and a pair of moccasins. For her mother-in-law and her sister-in-law she set aside two heaps of clothing with a dress, a robe, leggings, and a pair of moccasins in each. Then she said to Blood-Clot-Boy, "These are for your father, these are for your mother, and these for your sister. We will wait until night and then we will take these gifts to them." They wrapped the clothing in hides so that they could carry them easily, and when night came, they started.

Blood-Clot-Boy's parents had been worried ever since he had left home. The old man had often gone out to the high hills to watch for his son, but he had not seen him. When he returned home, his wife would ask if he had seen any sign of their son, and he would answer. So they entered the tepee. Blood-Clot-Boy's parents saw a

Blood-Clot-Boy and Béébeihit reached his home late at night. The old couple were sitting up waiting when they heard the footsteps of two persons coming toward their tepee. They went outside and soon they could hear voices too, one of them a woman's. Then they knew that their son was bringing someone with him, and they went back to their tepee and waited. When Blood-Clot-Boy and the girl were nearly to the door, they stopped and Blood-Clot-Boy called,

"Father, I am here!" "Come right in, son, come right in," his father answered. So they entered the tepee. Blood-Clot-Boy's parents saw a pretty young woman with long braids, dressed in good clothes. When they had all met her, they invited her and Blood-Clot-Boy to sit down. They were all happy, but Blood-Clot-Boy's father was the happiest of all. The young woman began to untie the bundles that they had brought with them and to spread out all the nice clothes. "This is for your sister," she said. Blood-Clot-Boy's sister took the things and found that they all fitted her perfectly. Then Béébeyihit untied the bundle of man's clothes—the moccasins, leggings, shirt, and robe, all beautifully made. "These are for you; see if they fit you," she said as she handed them to the old man. Everything fitted him nicely. The last bundle she gave to Blood-Clot-Boy's mother, and these fitted too.

Blood-Clot-Boy's father was very pleased and glad. "My son, you have found the girl that I wanted for my daughter-in-law. I am very glad that you have won Béébeyihit; she will stay with you for the rest of your life." Then they prepared a meal, and they ate and talked and laughed, everyone feeling very happy.

Blood-Clot-Boy and Béébeyihit spent that night with his parents. The next morning they all went back to the girl's tepee close to the river. There she showed them all the things that she had made for the time when she would be married. Now she was a married woman. They packed all her belongings and everyone helped to carry them back to the tepee of Blood-Clot-Boy's parents. From that time on Blood-Clot-Boy took care of all of them, and they never wanted for anything. Living with four good and kind people taught Blood-Clot-Boy's sister many things. She wanted very much to marry a good man and be as happy as her brother and Béébeyihit. Finally she did find a good man who was kind to her and who helped Blood-Clot-Boy in taking care of her parents for the rest of their lives.

This story has a moral for young people. It teaches them to look carefully for the right kind of husband or wife and to live good, clean lives until their time is up. This is the end of the story of Blood-Clot-Boy.<sup>9</sup>

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<sup>9</sup> For Arapaho variants of this tale, having, however, only the motifs of birth from blood-clot (T541.1.1) and cruel son-in-law (S53\*) in common, cf. Dorsey and Kroeber, *op. cit.*, no. 130, pp. 298-304, no. 132, pp. 310-311, and no. 133, pp. 311-321, the last two given there under the title of Blood-Clot-Girl; the adventure with the white crow is also found in no. 133 and as an independent tale (not involving Blood-Clot-Boy), *The White Crow*, no. 122,

THE WOMAN AND THE SNAKE<sup>10</sup>

Long ago Indians used to change camp often because the grazing would become scarce for the buffalo. One spring a group of Indians were moving to a new camp. As they rode through the timber, one woman of the group noticed that her pack horse had lost one of the tepee poles that were fastened to its back; so she tied the horse to a tree and rode back along the trail until she found the lost pole. She quickly picked it up and hurried back. When the pole was fastened again in its place, she set the pack horse loose and it trotted away. When she was ready to mount her saddle horse, she saw that it had become very restless. As it was very difficult for her to reach the stirrups while the horse was moving, she took the bridle and walked to a fallen tree; she stepped onto it, thinking to mount easier. But the horse would not come close to her. When she tried to step off the tree, she found she could not move. The horse jerked the bridle from her hands and ran off. Just then the tree began to move, and she saw that it had turned into a snake. Still she could not move away from it. She screamed and cried for help, but there was no one near to hear her. Soon the snake reached a cave and carried her far back into the darkness. A man's voice spoke to her, saying, "I want to help you. You have had to work very hard and I pity you. I will furnish you with everything; you will never be cold or hungry here. I will teach your husband to take better care of you." There was nothing she could do but remain there.

When her people looked for her, they found only the tracks of a snake which they thought must have eaten the woman.

Four years she lived in the cave. In early spring of the fourth year, the snake-man told her, "This is the fourth spring that I have been taking care of you. Now you may go back to your children. Your people are camping again close by. But there is one thing I want to tell you. Your husband should be good to you for four years and not make you work as hard as he did before. In moving camp, he should have been right with you. Going after the tepee pole should have been a man's work. The horse would not wait for you because it knew that the others were already far ahead. Tell your

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pp. 275-277. For comparative notes, see Thompson, *op. cit.*, note 165, pp. 322-323. See also Stith Thompson, *The Folktale* (New York, 1946), pp. 335f.

<sup>10</sup> This tale was volunteered under the above title by Mr. Goggles, who heard it from his father. It is said to be a recent story, having its origin with an unspecified eastern tribe, based on an actual incident. Since this paper has been prepared in the field, it has not been possible to search for eastern variants.

husband to bear in mind what I have told you. I will give him one more chance. He should give you light jobs. If he does not treat you well, you have to come back and live with me."

The woman left then, very anxious to get back to her family. Soon she reached the camp and asked the first people she met where her tepee was. They answered her and asked, "Where did you come from? Where have you been?" "I won't tell until I see my family," she said. When she reached the tepee, she saw her children, who were now nearly grown, and her husband busy at some task. The children looked up and saw her. "Daddy, that looks like our mother," one said. The man looked at her and saw that she was wearing the same clothes she had worn when she had disappeared. He ran to her and kissed her; then she kissed her children and stepped again into her home. Her husband called to the chief to announce that the woman had returned. The family prepared a feast and the woman told the people all that had happened to her. She told her husband that he must be good to her, and the rest of the men to treat their wives well also. From that time on she was a respected woman.

But time went on and her husband forgot what the snake had said. One morning when he came in from tending his horses, he said something unkind to his wife and gave her a push. The woman said nothing; she kept on working, but when she finished, she lay down on the bed and pulled a blanket over her head as if she were going to sleep. "What's the matter?" asked her husband, "are you sick? I didn't mean to push you. I was just joking. Get up!" But she did not get up, and when he took off the blanket there was a big snake with its tongue out lying on the bed. The man ran away frightened and the snake crawled off into the timber and was never seen again, for no one dared to follow it.

This should teach husbands that they should never be unkind to their wives nor expect them to do a man's work.

#### THE FOX AND THE WOOD TICK<sup>11</sup>

Once a wood tick wanted to run a race with a fox. When he heard this, Mr. Fox told the wood tick, "You can't run a race with me; you can't outrun me! How could you beat me? You walk slow and I run fast." And he laughed at the poor old wood tick. The wood tick kept on begging. "Come on, let's run," he said. But the

<sup>11</sup> This tale was volunteered in English under the above title by Mr. Edward G. Hopper, better known as Ralph Grasshopper, 44, of Ethete, Wyoming.

fox wouldn't do it. He just kept on laughing at the wood tick. Finally Mr. Fox said, "You just watch how fast I run!" Then he started off, ran a little way, and came back—to show the wood tick how fast he ran. And Mr. Wood Tick said, "Come on, let's run. I know you can run fast, but I can beat you anyway." So the fox said, "All right, we'll run." "I'm going to give you a head start, fox," said the wood tick; "you start first and I'll come right after you." So Mr. Fox stood ahead, and the wood tick jumped on the tip of the fox's tail. Then he began to count. "One, two, three, go!" The fox started after the three counts. While he was running, the wood tick crawled along his back to the tip of the fox's nose, and when they reached the place where they were supposed to stop, the wood tick jumped off and sat there, waiting. "You see!" he told the fox; "I got here a long time before you did. I've been waiting here. I beat you!"<sup>12</sup>

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<sup>12</sup> K11.2; Type 275.

### The Chicago Folklore Prize

THE CHICAGO FOLKLORE PRIZE. The International Folklore Association has established the Chicago Folklore Prize of about fifty dollars to be awarded annually by the University of Chicago for an important contribution to the study of folklore. Students, candidates for higher degrees, and established scholars may compete for the prize, and the contribution may be a monograph, a thesis, an essay, an article, or a collection of materials. No restriction is placed upon the contestant's choice of topic or selection of material: the term *folklore* is here used in its broadest sense.

Material which has appeared in print is acceptable, but such material must be submitted within one year from the time of publication. The successful contestant who submits material in typed form and has this material published subsequently is expected to send a copy of the material to the University of Chicago for the library. If the contestant wishes to have his material returned, sufficient postage should be included.

Monographs and collections must be submitted before May 16, 1952, to the Chairman of the Department of Germanic Languages and Literatures, the University of Chicago, Chicago 37, Illinois. The Chicago Folklore Prize is a cash award and the recipient's name is published in the Convocation Statement in June.

# *An Outline for Lecturing on the Relationships of Folklore and Christianity*

By TRISTRAM P. COFFIN

Today, teachers of folklore on the college and graduate levels have found it both valuable and stimulating for the student to understand the relationship of folk material to more sophisticated culture. Richard Dorson, Dan G. Hoffman, Paul Bennett, and others have made available books and articles relating English and American literature to oral sources; Philip Jordan, Merle Curti, Dorson again, Robert Seager, and others have shown what role traditional reports and attitudes may play in the evaluation of history; while Arthur Field and such psychologists have coordinated folk material to their interests. For years, of course, anthropologists have recognized the value of oral matter and many of them have utilized folklore as an aid in the explaining of primitive religions. Yet, to date, to my knowledge, the use of folklore as a means of throwing more light on Christianity has been widely ignored and avoided.

The reason for this scholarly "side-stepping" is obvious. Most of the teachers and scholars are scared to come in contact with the subject. Employed by state universities or church colleges they find it expedient to treat all religions but their own as folklore. Some of the more independent, as Alexander Krappe in his article on p. 404 of the *Standard Dictionary of Folklore, Mythology, and Legend*, have been brave enough to indicate that the Old Testament is mythology; while a few, as Charles Francis Potter in his article on Jesus on p. 548 of the same work, have made other steps in the right direction. But it is rather seldom that one finds Christ referred to in print as a sort of specialized culture hero. Many professors go so far as to consistently ignore the issue in their classroom lectures. Such tactics are anti-educational and not in the least in keeping with real religious faith.

The following outline is written, therefore, to suggest a possible stimulating way of approaching the relationship of folklore and Christianity in the classroom. It is not designed to undermine Christian ethics or Christian history, but simply to give the student who is at-

tempting to adjust his thinking to this world an objective glimpse into a possibility in connection with the magico-religious ceremones of his people. The method has been tested in three consecutive classes and has proven welcome and acceptable to the professors of religion, ministers, and pre-theological students who have encountered it. From contact of this sort it is expected some students will go on to a deeper faith; others will not. That is the way of the world anyhow.

#### THE OUTLINE

1. A statement of the anthropological point of view toward religion, as typified by the following quotation from pp. 199-200 of the Barnes and Noble *Outline of Anthropology* by Melville Jacobs and Bernhard J. Stern:

The mythology or theology is assumed to contain the ultimate proof and sanction for the supplemental techniques, termed magico-religious, to which the people customarily resort. The mythology or theology is designed to answer every possible query or form of doubt. It tends to quell uneasiness, still fears, comfort those who grieve, and offer certain answers to the most portentous problems of life and death. Mythology or theology thus is utilized to make people at home and secure to a degree in their world. It is a well of potential reassurance in times of hunger, need, sickness, or tragedy. No peoples in primitive economies lack such recourse for comfort, although it is an escape into unreality.

Stress the psychological need human beings have for an authority, whether they be primitive or not. Note that the adult turns to his God in time of trouble as the child turns to his parents. Note that, although to date there is no scientific way of knowing whether or not there be a Supreme Power, all peoples call on one or more. All peoples have stories to explain what they cannot account for rationally; as the rational explanations occur, the belief in the stories vanishes.

2. A presentation of the pattern for a hero tale, whether the hero be possessed by a primitive or sophisticated people, whether the hero be a prowess hero (like Hercules) or a culture hero (like Moses).

a. Supernatural birth, later often rationalized to an illegitimate birth or a hidden relationship with distinguished ancestry. Natural manifestations often accompany the birth. Cite the myriad examples of miraculous conceptions and marvellous births in the folktales and mythologies of the world.

b. The prophecy of the child hero's greatness. The attempt to murder the child, often by the monarch whose cause will eventually

be opposed. Note that frequently proof of the child's heroic qualities will be seen at this time. Easy examples are found in the Hercules, Moses, and John Henry tales.

c. Further revelation of heroic qualities during the youth of the hero. Odysseus, Lincoln, and Bunyan all provide illustrative material.

d. Development of the hero's character, whether it stress prowess, cleverness, or high ethical standards, always a personification of the culture of the people who champion him. Lincoln, Achilles, Coyote, and King Arthur, among others, provide examples.

e. Death of the hero. The hero doesn't really die, but he is carried to the home of the gods. He will return. Note that his death is frequently in a cause that is lost or is losing. Frequently he is undone by betrayal. Cite Roland, Arthur, and Hiawatha-Manabozho as illustrations. Stress, too, that all heroes do not find their lives completing this pattern. Show how sophisticated culture works against this pattern with education, etc. Emphasize, though, the tendency of heroes to embrace the five points.

3. A relation of the life of Jesus to this pattern: the Virgin Birth, the Eastern Star, Herod, the repulsion of Satan, the personality of Jesus as given in the *Bible* and Apocryphal Books, the Last Supper, the Ressurection, and Judgment Day. Stress the way the *Bible* came into its present form, the Nicene Council, the early Roman Catholic Church and its policy toward the Virgin Mary, Christ, etc. Thus call attention to the extra-Biblical stories about Jesus as of significance. Note the early illegitimacy stories about Jesus' birth, the miracles not in the New Testament, the hagiographic legends.

4. A statement of the role of Jesus in Christianity as a culture hero. Emphasize that the real difference between a culture hero and a prowess hero is the use of the hero in one case as an educational ideal, in the other as a physical ideal. Stress, too, that Jesus is restricted in his use as a culture hero to the giving of the ethical code to his followers and does not regulate seasons, fix ceremonials, etc.

5. A discussion of some of the results of the previous application.

a. Jesus, as all folk heroes, must have had a living model, no matter how far that model may have been from the man we know today. Perhaps there was more than one model; oral tradition frequently amalgamates. But most likely there was just one teacher. Stress the historical Jesus scholarship of the 19th century.

b. Point out that while the material above supports a doctrine that Jesus really lived, it also indicates strongly that his teachings as given in the *Bible* are what the Christians stand for, and as such were undoubtedly superimposed back on the man Jesus as he became the

model for the Faith. What Jesus said is lost. What he should have said, what the Christians wanted him to say, is in the *Bible*. Cite similar examples such as the popular Lincoln and the historical Lincoln, Johnny Appleseed and John Chapman.

6. A discussion of the four New Testament books, stressing the dating of Mark, Matthew, Luke, and John and pointing out that the hero pattern in Jesus' life becomes more obvious as the folk of Christianity have time to develop their myths. Emphasize the fact that the miracles are underplayed in the *Bible*, showing that there were probably more in circulation than appear. Call on the hagiographic and apochryphal materials and the 2nd century additions to Mark for support here.

7. An approach to the Old Testament stories: Genesis, Noah, Moses, etc. in the light of origin myths, flood tales, culture hero patterns, etc.

8. An emphasis that faith, Christian faith included, to be worth anything must undergo all possible tests and be exposed to all possible theses, so that once established it can stand up in times of need. There is more to religion than C. Day Lewis' *Case for Christianity* in which Jesus becomes either the Son of God or a lunatic. Christ may be a teacher, as Lewis claimed he could not be, but not one who taught what the *Bible* says he taught. That is merely what the Christian model, no matter who he might have been, had to have said.

9. A stressing of the need for religion among human beings, going back to the original jumping off place in the *Outline of Anthropology*. Even if faith is "an escape into unreality," man cannot help it if he is human. Men need religion; Christianity is a good religion and is an excellent model for living. Mention Unitarianism, Quakerism, etc. as faiths with similar (to some degree) unorthodoxy in their beliefs.

10. An open discussion period with a visiting minister or a professor of religion there to pick up the pieces.

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# *Lithuanian Ghost Stories from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania\**

By JONAS BALYS

In the summer of 1949, I discovered in Pittsburgh an old Lithuanian lady, Mrs. Magdalena Takazauskas, who possessed a real treasure of folklore. The Rector of the local Lithuanian church told me about her: "She likes to sing, tell stories, and . . . gossip." And this was true. In two days I recorded some fifty old and rare songs, and ten tales and legends. Her memory is marvelous. She was born in 1877 at Versnupiai village, Alvitas parish (in Western Lithuania) and came to the United States in 1904. She married when she was twenty and now has been a widow for twenty-six years. She has had ten children (five of them are still living). It was a very difficult task for a widow to raise a flock of children and care for them. When somebody once suggested that she must marry again, she answered promptly: "A husband for myself I could probably find, but he would not be a father for my children." About her young days she says: "I was a merry girl, liked to sing, to dance, and I attended the church, too. It is pleasant to tell tales when many people are listening."

She visited the Old Country for two months in 1930. In spite of her seventy-two years she still enjoys good hearing and sight, she likes to knit, and reads three Lithuanian papers. She is a good hearted person and it was a pleasure to work with her. She sang and told stories readily and with some pride of her knowledge, and she was not at all bothered by the presence of a recording machine. Three of her ghost stories which I am going to give here were recorded on August 18-19, 1949, and are to some extent condensed.<sup>1</sup>

## 1. THE GHOST DECEIVED BY A SHAM DEAD MAN

There once lived a farmer who was a very good man. He had, however, a passion: he loved money very much. He said nothing

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\* Paper read at the Annual Meeting of the American Folklore Society, July 28, 1950. Collecting of folklore among Lithuanians living in the U.S. has been sponsored by American Philosophical Society.

<sup>1</sup> The full texts in the original language have been published in my collection "Ghosts and Men, Lithuanian Folk Legends about the Dead" (*A Treasury of Lithuanian Folklore*, part 1), 1951, Nos. 39B, 98A, 166.

about his money before he died. After his death he began to haunt the house. No means of exorcism could stop the haunting. Then one of the farm servants said to the wife of the deceased: "I want to discover what really is causing the haunting. I will feign a dead man and you bury me beside the master." And so it was done. The coffin with the servant was put in the cellar of a church beside the coffin of his master. At night after eleven o'clock the master arose from his coffin. The servant did the same.

"Oh, man, are you here also?"

"Yes, Sir, I died today."

"Why were you buried in such a haste?"

"Because I died from a sudden disease, they buried me in a hurry."

"All right, now come with me."

The ghost passed easily through the locked door of the church, but the servant was unable to do the same.

"My servant, you are not dead if you cannot pass the locked door."

"Sure, Sir, I am dead. But you died long ago and you are already dried out and became thin."

The ghost opened the door for him and asked again: "How will we walk: on the earth or in the air?"

"I am too heavy for air travel, let's go on the earth."

The ghost asked again: "What did you leave at home that you cannot rest quiet?"

"I left one pound of tobacco and this disturbs me. And what did you leave, Sir?"

"Oh, boy, I left much money buried in the barn and nobody knows about that. If somebody could take away this money, I could be freed and not haunt any more."

They reached the farm and first they went into the storage room. The servant was hungry. He found a loaf of bread and a pot with cream. He submerged a good piece of bread into the cream and ate it hastily. The ghost tried to do the same, however, without success as the cream did not stick to his bread. "Boy, you are not dead because you can eat, and I cannot."

"Sir, you are not hungry. Before your death you were served with plenty of all kinds of delicious food, and I ate merely a dish of vegetable soup and died; therefore, I am hungry."

Then both went into the living room. The ghost said: "Let us haunt the house." While the ghost haunted, nothing was broken, merely a great noise was made. The servant, on the contrary, broke everything.

"Boy, you are not dead."

"I am dead, Sir, and let us haunt longer."

The servant was frightened and he purposely kept the ghost busy until cockcrow.

"Now, boy, is your luck. You know where my money is hidden. Take it out, divide with my wife, and may you live happily."

Very interesting in this ghost story is the clearly stressed difference between the habits of a dead man and living one. The ghost can pass through the locked door, he can ride in the air, and he makes noise without breaking anything. The living one is cleverer than the ghost and is able to deceive him.

The story is popular in Lithuania (eleven variants recorded).<sup>2</sup> The same story is known among Estonians (twenty-four variants).<sup>3</sup>

## 2. BURIAL OF A SORCERER

A farmer hired his servant for 600 rubles to bury him after his death. His life was not spotless (probably he was a sorcerer or one who sold his soul to the devil); therefore he knew that nobody would take care to bury him. The farmer, after the agreement with his servant, died shortly. The servant thought: there is something wrong with him and I must be careful. He took the coffin to the smith and let him make three iron hoops around the coffin. The servant then put the coffin into a cart and rode to the cemetery. He had to pass through a forest. The evening came and got dark. Suddenly a hoop at the foot of the coffin broke. After a while another one broke. The servant was frightened. He leaped up from the cart, made, in bare feet, a trip around the cart, going backwards; then he climbed a young maple tree and from there reached another taller tree. The last hoop on the middle of the coffin burst and the dead man arose. He searched everywhere for his servant. He ran around the cart, came to the maple tree—the servant was not there. The cock crew and the corpse fell down helplessly. The servant waited in the tree

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<sup>2</sup> See J. Balys, *Motif-Index of Lithuanian Narrative Folk-Lore* (Kaunas: 1936) p. 225, Nr. 3530.

<sup>3</sup> Cf. Thompson's *Motif-Index* E451.5.: Ghost laid when treasure is unearthed.

until morning. Then he bound a rope to the feet of the corpse, dragged it to the cemetery and buried it, and got the 600 rubles.

The story is not rare among the Lithuanians. The sorcerer, or a man in liaison with the devil is dangerous after his death and only a clever man is able to overcome and bury him.<sup>4</sup>

### 3. THE BEEMASTER KURAUSKAS

I am going to tell you a true story. I heard it from my father who has had personal experiences with the event.

The owner of the large estate called Giedryne had a gardener and beemaster with the name Kurauskas. He was considered a good man and nobody was aware of what he once did. One day while going to holy communion, he secretly took the sacred wafer from his mouth, took it home and put it on one of the beehives. Since this very day he had unusual success with bees and the landlord was very much pleased with him.

One day the beemaster became sick. He went outdoors and drowned in a small swamp caused by rain on the yard. In three days he was buried and the relatives and friends, according to the custom, gathered at the home of the deceased for the last prayers (to sing the rosary). And what happened: Kurauskas came home to his own funeral feast. He did nothing, he was merely standing and gazing at the guests who were scared and ran away.

Now the haunting began. Kurauskas appeared to those people with whom he liked to wrestle while he was alive. The attacked man was forced to wrestle with him the whole night. Even if Kurauskas was overpowered, he suddenly freed himself and the struggle was continued. One servant died because he was exhausted from continually wrestling with the dead man. The landlord did not want to believe the story. "How do you dare blame such a good man?"

Kurauskas haunted, clad not in the funeral clothes, but with his every-day suit which he used to wear while working in the garden. His wife sold the suit to a wandering merchant, a Jew. Kurauskas found the Jew, took away his clothes and haunted again.

The son of the landlord had a girl friend in the nearby town of Virbalis. Once the young man came home, riding his horse, at about

<sup>4</sup> See J. Balys *ibid.*, p. 33, Nr. \*369 (eleven variants).

Cf. E261.2: Dead arises when shroud bursts, and pursues attendant (Estonian, Finnish, Lappish). Also known to the Cheremis: O. Beke, *Volksdichtung und Gebräuche der Tscheremissen* (Budapest: 1951) p. 123f. It seems that the story is especially popular among the Finno-Ugric peoples.

For a similar Russian version see: W. Ralston, *Russian Fairy Tales* (N.Y.: 1873) p. 286f.

eleven o'clock at night. He shouted for the man keeping the night-watch to take the horse from him. The watchman was at this time on the other side of the estate. Before he could get there, Kurauskas appeared and took care of the horse. The young man, seeing the ghost, cried out loudly and fainted. The servants took him to the room and wondered why he was pale and speechless. They called several doctors, one of them was Mr. Snaiberis from Kybartai, but nobody was able to help him. The watchman coming later thought that the gentleman drove the horse into the stable and wanted to take off the saddle. He came into the stable and what a marvelous sight: the horse was hung by the bridle to the beam of the ceiling, and Kurauskas was steadily going around the horse. The watchman was not frightened; Kurauskas never challenged him for wrestling because the watchman overpowered Kurauskas while he was alive, and the ghost feared him. The watchman cut the bridle with his pocket knife and freed the horse which was nearly suffocated. Kurauskas laughed loudly, like a horse, and went his way. Next day the young gentleman regained his speech and said: "Father, it is true, what the people are saying, Kurauskas haunts and last night he took my horse from me."

The landlord called the Rector of the Catholic church from Virbalis (just now cannot remember his name). The priest investigated the case and hearing that the deceased was an unusually successful bee master, called another beekeeper to investigate the beehives. The latter discovered that the bees in one of the hives were constantly buzzing something like the melody of the popular hymn "Oh Holy God". The beehive was opened and they found that the bees had made a chalice of wax to contain the consecrated host.

The grave of Kurauskas was unearthed and it was found that the body was lying with its face down in the coffin. The priest said: "Now we see that he is a revenant ('patempionas'). The devil hides in his skin and bothers the people at night. There is no other way to lay him but to decapitate the corpse." In the town was a certain man who slaughtered old horses. He was called there and charged to cut off the head of the corpse with an axe. He stroke once—the head laughed at him, and only with the third stroke was the head severed from the body. The falling head attached itself to the border of the executioner's coat (biting with its teeth?). The man cut off the border of his coat and cast the head into the grave.

No matter, Kurauskas came again; he put on his head and haunted as before. The priest gave other advice: "You must call the real executioner from Vilkavishkis and let him do the job." The

executioner came. He cut off the head and put it at the end of the feet. Further, he poured seeds of poppy into the mouth of the revenant, pierced his throat with a stick of the rowan tree, and said: "You may be quiet; he will come back no more." And actually Kurauskas did not appear any more.

You must believe me, this is not a tale, but a true happening.

The story about a beemaster who puts the consecrated host into a beehive, has success with his bees and haunts the place when he dies, is well known among the Lithuanians.<sup>5</sup> The version presented here, however, is the most developed and possesses many other and much older motives which belong to the well-known category about the "living corpse." Everything there is given with a rare precision and with astonishingly good conservation of many centuries-old ethnological facts. The story teller really believes what she says, she gives the names of persons and points out places of events. This is a good example of what a legend really is.

I think time is too short to go further into investigating every motif, their history and dissemination. I want merely to make references to the corresponding numbers of the *Motif-Index* by Stith Thompson:

- C55. Tabu: losing consecrated wafer.
- V35. The stolen sacrament.
- Q222.1. Punishment for discrediting of holy things (wafers).
- B259.4. Bees build church of wax to contain consecrated host.
- E261. Wandering ghost makes attack.
- E422. The living corpse.
- E446.3. Ghost laid by decapitating body.
- E422.1.1. Headless revenant.
- E442. Ghost laid by piercing grave with stake.

The new motif is pouring seeds of poppy into the mouth of the revenant's body (E439.4.\*).

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<sup>5</sup> See J. Balys, *Lithuanian Folk Legends I* (Kaunas, 1940) Nos. 624-627.

# A Choreographic Questionnaire

By GERTRUDE P. KURATH

"What does a field worker record during the study of native dances? What can a non-specialist do in the presence of unexpected festivities?" The frequency of this inquiry calls for action, for the publication of salient points from a choreographic questionnaire. Such a questionnaire is useful even to the rare owner of a motion picture camera and to a skilled draftsman. They still may wonder what to photograph and what to sketch and how to round out the information.

Observation should first of all be directed towards the ground plan, which happens to be the most obvious element. Secondly the eye should take in as much as possible the style of body movement, the posture, steps, gestures. Thirdly, participation is the surest way of obtaining the information and continued practise can reveal the broad structure of the dance. Whenever the situation prevents this, careful observation and subsequent sessions with an informant can supply the essentials.

## GROUND PLAN

1. *Location*—Position of the performers on the dancing space; relationship to ceremonial persons and objects, musicians, singers, and spectators.
2. *Participants*—Men alone. Women alone. Both sexes. Men, women, and children. How many? Role? Age, if important? Leader?
3. *Arrangement*—Men and women segregated, in alternation, in arbitrary order. Dancers paired (two men, two women) or coupled (man and woman)?
4. *Geometry*—  
Circle or ellipse—closed (without a gap) or open (in a file behind a leader). Single, double, multiple; concentric or separate; in the same direction or opposite directions. Dancers face center or tangent to the circle or back to the center. Hands or elbows locked?  
Straight line—single, double, or multiple? Dancers face to face or side by side?
5. *Progression*—  
Circle—clockwise or counterclockwise, forward, sideward (left

or right), backward, toward the center, away from the center, pivot?

Straight line—opposites meet and retreat, or move forward and backward parallel (face to face or side by side); two lines progress straight ahead, separate and around, converge and down the center, cross over?

Circle or straight line—serpentine or spiral?

#### BODY MOVEMENT

1. *Steps*—Walk, run, shuffle (a dragging run), trot (an elastic run), slide (forward, sideward), hop on one foot, jump on both feet, leap from one foot to another, straddle, crouch.  
Style—impact with flat foot, half toe, heel. Knees straight, flexed, raised alternately forward, sideward; turned in or out.
2. *Posture*—Erect, tilted forward, slumped, sway-back, bent forward, sideward or back, twisted.
3. *Arms*—Hang loose, raised to waist level, to shoulder level, or above head; swing forward and back or side to side. Elbows straight, flexed, close to body free-moving. Circling from shoulder or wrist.

#### STRUCTURE

1. *Repetition* of the same pattern and movement.
2. *Combination* of several patterns and movements, simultaneously or successively. Label these A, B, etc.

This introductory list cannot of course cover all emergencies. It is intended as a guide in recording simpler ritual or folk dances and even for these it cannot provide a complete choreography. For these, even a "yes" or "no" to the questions can tell a story to a trained consultant, the story of a style or cultural phenomenon. But for elaborate formations of longways or square dances or for intricate gesture codes, technical terminology and dance script are the only solution. No correspondence course can provide this knowledge.

Some reader may doubt the significance of the choreographic facts for the folklorist or ethnologist. It would be futile to attempt in a few chosen words any explanation of the symbolism of geometrical formations, of the ethnic implications of movement style, of functional implications and geographical distribution. These connections are fully discussed by Curt Sachs in his *World History of the Dance* and by the writer in the two volumes of the *Dictionary of Folklore, Mythology, and Legend*. They are accompanied by diagrams and music in

*Bulletin 149* of the Bureau of American Ethnology and in other books listed in this bulletin. At the moment we are not trying to convince sceptics but are merely placing a crude tool at the disposal of friends in other fields of research.

*Ann Arbor, Michigan*

## Notes, News, and Queries

**NEW YORK FOLKLORE SOCIETY.** The New York Folklore Society held special exercises at Cooperstown, New York, September 6-8, 1951, in commemoration of the centenary of James Fenimore Cooper's death. The meetings were held in conjunction with the New York Historical Association and the Society for Colonial History.

**WEST VIRGINIA FOLKLORE.** The West Virginia Folklore Society began publication in October of a mimeographed folklore journal, *West Virginia Folklore*. Information concerning the new periodical should be addressed to Professor Ruth Ann Musick, Secretary-Archivist of the society, Fairmont State College, Fairmont, West Virginia.

**PERSONALIA.** Richard Alan Waterman represented the American Folklore Society at the inauguration of Lawrence A. Kimpton as Chancellor of the University of Chicago, October 18; Frances Gillmor represented the Society at the inauguration of Richard Harvill as President of the University of Arizona, November 16; Frances Lee Utley attended the inauguration of Harlan Hatcher as President of the University of Michigan, November 27; Randall V. Mills was the official representative of the Society at the Seventy-Fifth Anniversary Ceremonies of the University of Oregon, November 1-3.

**DELAWARE FOLKLORE BULLETIN.** The Delaware Folklore Society began publication in 1951 of the *Delaware Folklore Bulletin*. Information concerning this periodical should be addressed to the Institute of Delaware History and Culture, University of Delaware, Newark, Delaware.

**THE TENNESSEE FOLKLORE SOCIETY.** The Tennessee Folklore Society held its annual meeting at Austin Peay State College in Clarksville on Saturday, November 3, 1951. The program of its annual meeting included several papers on the matter of folklore in general, and George C. Grice and Grace Greswell presented a group of folksongs with autoharp accompaniment. In the business meeting of the society, Miss Freida Johnson was elected to her second term as president, George Boswell was re-elected vice-president, and T. J. Farr

was elected treasurer. William Griffin of Peabody College was chosen to assume the duties of secretary and editor of *The Tennessee Folklore Bulletin*.

**THE OHIO FOLKLORE SOCIETY.** The third annual spring meeting of the Ohio Folklore Society took place in conjunction with the Ohio College Association conferences on April 18-19. of the Society and interested persons are urged to attend.

The program for the two days ran as follows:

April 18: 5:30 and after: an open house at the home of folk-singer Anne Grimes, 1877 Baldridge Road, Arlington, Columbus. (Refreshments, conversation, informal singing.)

April 19: 9:30-12:00—Classroom, Ohio State Museum. 9:30—Business Meeting: election of officers. 10:00—Claude Simpson of Ohio State University, "Music and the Broadside Ballad." 10:30—Moritz Jagendorf (editor, author, scholar, President: New York Folklore Society.) "The American Folk Stories in the Ohio Scene." 11:00—John Greenway of Rutgers University, "The Folksong of Social Protest" with illustrations (guitar accompaniment). 12:30 at the Ohio State University Faculty Club. Annual spring luncheon, followed by a program of Ohio songs and anecdotes by Anne Grimes.

## Book Reviews

*Jahrbuch für Volksliedforschung.* Herausgegeben von John Meier. Achter Jahrgang. (Berlin: Walter de Gruyter and Company, 1951).

John Meier—whose *Kunstlieder im Volksmunde* did so much forty-five years ago to clear away the fog that belated romantics had raised over the question of ballad origins, and who later, after he had established his Volksliedarchiv at Freiburg for the international study of folksong, brought out two volumes and part of a third of his edition of German ballads, ‘with their tunes’—has succeeded with the help of the Leibnitz foundation in Hannover in publishing this eighth volume of his Jahrbuch. Despite its title, it is not, strictly speaking, an annual. The dates of the first seven numbers range from 1928 to 1941, and this eighth volume comes out ten years later.<sup>1</sup>

Of the seventeen articles in the volume, seven are by Meier himself. Of these the longest and most interesting concerns the ballad of the Cruel Brother (*der Grausame Bruder*), widely known in Germany in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries and reported from all Scandinavian countries (from Denmark as early as the sixteenth century) but not known in Britain or in the Netherlands. The king's sister Kirsten is accused by a rejected suitor of incontinence. She is summoned to her brother's court and by a series of agonizing tests her guilt is established; whereupon her brother beats her to death. Dying, she asserts that the father of her child is the king's son of England. This prince then appears and, learning what has happened, slays the king and chops his body into little pieces. A gruesome tale, told with remarkable vigor. Analyzing and comparing the many versions, German and Scandinavian, Meier reconstructs what he believes to have been the original story: the charge against Kirsten is really brought by the king's wife, who is jealous of her and is particularly incensed against her because the king has rejected his wife's brother (who was actually Kirsten's seducer) as a suitor for Kirsten's hand; the king calls this man a horsethief. In the end Kirsten is dead, but the king's wife is spurned by him and she has accomplished none of her purposes—a tragic closing scene. The king's treatment of his sister is activated not by sadism but by a sense of duty; as head of the family it is his duty to punish any member of it who brings disgrace

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<sup>1</sup> A prefatory note informs us that it was ready for publication in Leipzig in December 1943. But a bomb fell on Leipzig.

upon it. This attitude carries back to a fairly early state of social morality; Meier thinks to the Denmark of the fifteenth or fourteenth century.

Two shorter articles deal with ballads having a story similar to that of the Cruel Brother. Both are recorded not further back than the nineteenth century, but Meier believes that they are much older. One, *Rache aus Eifersucht*, from Kremnitz, a German speech island in upper Hungary, tells of a girl made pregnant by eating a magic apple given her by her sister-in-law, and thereupon accused by the sister-in-law of incontinence. When the brother returns he offers to bring a priest to hear her confession, but she tells him that in two hours she will be dead and he must then serve her up like a fish on his wife's table. Meier believes that this ballad derives in part from the earlier Danish ballad, the story of which he reconstructed for the Cruel Brother and in part from the actual German ballad of that name. The other ballad, *Bay Rädder*, is reported from the opposite edge of the German-language territory, one of the East Frisian islands. This is even closer than *Rache aus Eifersucht* to the Cruel Brother story. But, for reasons too detailed to be given here, Meier thinks it is to be taken rather as a retention, accidental as it were, from an earlier stage of European folksong, when the evil sister-in-law was a theme common to the folklore of various European peoples. It is frequent in Slavic folksong.

Of the other articles in the volume three deal with music: Ewald Jammers studies the relation of the recitative in folksong to the Georgian chants of the church; Alfred Quellmalz deals with the tunes of the ballad of the *Frau von Weissenburg*; Jos. Müller-Blattau adds a note to M. Lang's study of the relation between folksong and minnesong. Erich Seemann makes a detailed comparison of German with Lithuanian folksong, showing where and how far the latter is borrowed from the former.

Students of folksong will agree, I suppose, that among the effects of the recent war one of the most deplorable is the arresting of Meier's edition of the German ballads. This edition, so far as it has gone, shows that when completed it will give us the German ballads in a form comparable with that which Child provided for the British and Grundtvig and Olrik for the Danish ballads, with the addition of an adequate treatment of the tunes. But the war halted its publication. Dr. Meier tells me that the completion of the third volume is ready for the press and that the material for a fourth and a fifth volume can be quickly assembled. But there is no money. One could wish that

some of the American foundations for the advancement of learning might devise a way to provide the necessary financial support. It would be a notable step forward in the study of folklore—which basically is not a national but an international, a fundamentally human, interest.

*Columbia, Missouri*

*H. M. Belden*

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### *Folktales in Children's Books: Some Notes and Reviews*

By HERBERT HALPERT

The responsible folklorist cannot afford to overlook the folktale collections which are published as children's books; a surprising number of such collections are contributions of genuine importance to the body of published folklore. It is such books that this omnibus review will emphasize. I have taken this opportunity to suggest certain standards that the folklorist would consider desirable in popular volumes and to point out that the publishers' adherence to these standards should increase rather than hurt the sales appeal of children's folktale collections.

Astute publishers have long recognized that folktale collections are a "natural" for children. Some kinds of folktales have served to entertain and educate generations of children all over the world and certainly should be allowed to continue at least part of their service. Too often, however, the "genuine folklore" found in the package with the shiny dust wrapper consists of materials borrowed from popular or scholarly sources without thanks, padded with "quaint" interpolations, written in rather dull, elementary English and illustrated with unimaginative or "cute" pictures. Some of the books on "American folk heroes" are extreme cases in point.

The folklorist can have no serious complaint with folktale collections re-written, and perhaps unnecessarily simplified, for children, so long as they include information concerning the exact sources of the material and how faithfully it has been presented. The lack of such data makes less useful the apparently genuine material in many collections. Often these volumes are the only conveniently available examples of the folktales of certain regions. Why not have a few pages of commentary? The popular sale of the two collections of

English fairy tales by Joseph Jacobs, nearly our main reliance for English folktales, has not been harmed because each book has an introduction and some valuable pages of notes in the appendix. Modern editions of Joel Chandler Harris's *Uncle Remus* volumes still reprint his introductory dissertations.

At the very least any popular collection of stories for children, whether the stories are taken from literature or folklore, should have the minimum data suggested above. When the stories come from actual field collection, I believe much more information should be given. Teachers and parents, as well as children, use these books and would find background material valuable.

Who tells the stories? Where do the people live and how? When are they told? To whom? For what purposes are they told? How and from whom were the stories secured? In what ways has the editor changed the style and contents of the original? If these questions are answered, readers can see the stories as expressions of a particular people.

The plots of most folktales in any region resemble in many ways those of the tales from neighboring and even distant areas. It may help the reader if each story has a note (in the appendix) pointing out briefly such resemblances. Even more important, however, such a note should call attention to the way the story has been changed to reflect the life and attitudes of the people who tell it. Finally, the editor should let us know whether his stories represent a true sampling of all the kinds of tales told in an area, or if he has used some other basis for selection. It is helpful also to know what things he has omitted.

Let me reiterate: it is my conviction that most of these amplifications which the folklorist calls for would also make the books of much greater educational value. With them, the folktale collection becomes not merely an anthology of stories torn from their context, but also an introduction to a new part of the world, an instrument for increasing the knowledge of other peoples which is so necessary at a time when the future of the civilized world depends upon international understanding and cooperation.

Since I am not a children's literature specialist, in these reviews of some books now in print my emphasis is primarily on their contributions to folklore study. My notes, for example, are of interest chiefly to the folklore student. To some extent, however, my comments on certain features of the books are meant to inform the lay-

man or teacher interested in a folklorist's reaction to some deservedly popular books.

*The Cow-Tail Switch and Other West African Stories.* Harold Courlander and George Herzog. Drawings by Madye Lee Chastain. (New York: Henry Holt and Company, 1947). pp. 143.

*The Fire on the Mountain and Other Ethiopian Stories.* Harold Courlander. Illustrated by Robert Kane. (New York: Harcourt, York: Henry Holt and Company, 1951). pp. 141.

*Kantchil's Lime Pit and Other Stories from Indonesia.* Harold Courlander. Illustrated by Robert Kane. (New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1950). pp. 150.

The three books listed above present English translations of folktales from three non-white, non-European areas. Most of the tales were secured from native informants; a few are from published collections and are closely credited. Each of the books has a brief introduction describing the area and peoples from which the tales come, an appendix with notes on the individual tales, and also a separate glossary and pronunciation guide.

That these are children's books, we can see from the limited number of stories included, from the simple directness of the introductions, and from the format. Only a few of the most expensive books for adults have such solid buildings, good heavy paper, large clear type, and imaginative illustrations. The book designers and publishers deserve high praise; these are beautiful books. My only complaint on format is that there should have been some device to help locate the individual notes quickly. Numbering the stories and the notes would have been one simple solution.

The adult reader will be delighted with the superbly direct prose style. The language does not condescend either to the stories or to the audience. Obviously there are not literal translations, yet one has the feeling that the style is a faithful presentation of the tone and artistic method of the original story tellers. There is occasionally a light irony and a mocking knowledge of human nature and behavior; but the notes make clear that this sophistication is present in the telling of the original tales.

The notes in *The Cow-Tail Switch* are particularly valuable for their description of the stylistic features of some of the original stories, for explanation of how these tales are used in their original settings, and for comments on facts that illuminate the stories and the cultures from which they come. Since only seventeen stories are given, they can hardly be considered a full cross-section of the story lore of an area as large as West Africa with its many, often highly-complex

civilizations. This varied selection, however, serves as an eye-opener to anyone who thinks of the Negro peoples as simple and primitive. I suspect the author-editors of having this in mind in making their selection for publication.

Any older child or adult would delight in this book; most folklorists could use it as a model in editing tales. It suggests in a small compass how folktales and culture interpret each other. The folklorist will regret, however mildly, that no comparative references are given. Though the authors note that African tales have come to the New World, they barely suggest that versions of some of these tales are also known in Europe and Asia. To take one example: "The Singing Tortoise" is related to the talking-skull story also known in Africa. The latter form of the story is known in Burma; both forms are found in America, as well as still another version with a talking frog instead of the tortoise or skull.

The collectors' notes to the twenty-four tales in the second of these books, *The Fire on the Mountain*, recognize much more fully than those of the previous volume the international relationships of the stories. This excellent collection is particularly welcome because we have so few tales available in English from the regions covered: Ethiopia, British Somaliland, and Eritrea. The editors point out that the folk literature of the region represents a cross-current of influences from Asia, Africa, and Europe, and that from those areas we have counterparts to the stories in this collection. Most of these stories, they point out justly, "have been so colored by the life and customs of the Ethiopian people that they have a unique flavor."

To suggest something of the international character of these tales I give below notes for ten of them. The abbreviations I have used precede the references that follow. Type: Aarne-Thompson, *The Types of the Folk-Tale* (Helsinki, 1928); Motif: Stith Thompson, *Motif-Index of Folk-Literature* (Blomington, 1932-1936); Burmese: Maung Htin Aung, *Burmese Folk-Tales* (Calcutta, 1948); Khoja: Henry D. Barnham, *The Khoja: Tales of Nasr-Ed-Din* (New York, 1924).

*The Fire on the Mountain*. Cf. Khoja, pp. 143-149; Burmese, pp. 209-212.

*The Donkey Who Sinned*. Motif U 11.1.1. Thompson refers to Pauli's *Schimpf und Ernst*.

*The Woodcutter of Gura*. Types 1240 and 1313, plus additions. Cf. Khoja, pp. 79-81.

*The Jackal's Lawsuit*. A form of Motif J 1191. Cf. Burmese, pp. 21-22.

*The Contrary Woman*. Type 1365 A. This has also been reported from New York and Alaska.

*The Hero of Adi Nifas.* Type 1287.

*Justice.* Type 1689 A. Cf. *Burmese*, pp. 196-197.

*How Abunawas Was Exiled.* Type 1653 A, Motifs H 1053.3; H. 1054.1; J 1161.3, etc. The editors refer to the trickster legends of Abunawas. These tales also belong to the Marcolf-Eulenspiegel cycles.

*The Marriage of the Mouse.* Cf. Motif L 392; *Burmese*, pp. 54-55.

*The Storyteller.* Type 2300. This is a variant of the familiar endless tale of "then the ant took another grain of wheat."

These references merely supplement the more general ones given in the book. They emphasize the editors' comments on the truly complex relationship of these Ethiopian stories. Reference to the Type and Motif indexes often helps a collector to get a clearer picture of which elements of the stories in his collection are widespread, which possibly local. To select a minor illustration: in the note on "Justice," the editors point out that stories on misunderstandings between deaf persons are familiar in folklore, but add that "here it is used ironically, as well as humorously, to comment on the miscarriage of justice." It would be well to add a further note. Since carrying the case before a deaf judge is an intrinsic element of European versions of Type 1698 A, apart from the story's localization the only element which is a specifically Ethiopian addition is the superb last sentence in the story, "How did we ever get along before justice was given to us?"

Some of the other tales are also familiar, but all are delightful. I particularly enjoyed "The Judgment of the Wind," an imaginative treatment of the ungrateful animal theme; "Ojee Ben Onogh," a "colossal exaggeration," a form "unusual in Ethiopian lore"; and the *cante-fable*, "The Battle of Eghal Shillet," the story of a braggart. Of interest in the notes is the indication that several of the stories were told to the collectors by boys and young men. Other background notes are also illuminating.

The third of these admirable and important books is *Kantchil's Lime Pit* which gives us twenty-three tales from a wide area, Indonesia. Except for some publications on the Malay Peninsula and Borneo, most of the folk-tale collections from this area are not in English. Jan de Vries' standard Indonesian folktale collection and type index is in Dutch.

There are several features in this book which are not found in the other two books. In addition to the brief general introduction on the islands and their people, the appendix gives more details on the successive population waves that have affected the islands, leaving strata in the folklore. Some of the various kinds of stories found in

Indonesia are described: myths (three are summarized), origin legends, legends to explain many customs and place names, trickster cycles and animal tales. (I am surprised that wonder tales [fairy tales] are not mentioned since these are certainly found in neighboring regions.) Best of all, Mr. Courlander states the principle of selection he has followed. After noting some omissions, he says of his book: "Its intention is to present what might be called 'living folklore.' The feeling is contemporary rather than classical in spirit. Some of the stories are uncontestedly old, but they are related to a background of modern Indonesia. Some are not so much 'stories' as anecdotes or explanations, but they are imaginative reflections upon phenomena, institutions, mores, and foibles of the people." This admirable explanation of his point of view will suggest to teachers why all of Mr. Courlander's selections are so much alive and so useable with students.

The notes to this volume give useful information on background. They do not tell us much about how and when stories are told. In this respect this book is weaker than the first two.

A further weakness is the handling of sources. The stories in the book "were recorded from verbal narrations by people from Sumatra, Java, Celebes, and Lombok" (p. 134); Bali and Borneo are added to this list on page 129; and the notes add confusion by mentioning Malaya four times and the Philippines once. The notes to eight stories mention from two to four places as sources. Mr. Courlander tells us that one of these stories is a synthesis of three variants, two from Indonesian informants and one from a publication by I. H. N. Evans. Presumably the other seven tales are also composites; but if so, we are not told what elements have been taken or omitted from each source. Since for fifteen of the stories only one source is noted, there is no problem with more than two-thirds of the material.

Supplementary notes to thirteen of the stories follow.

*The Tiger's War Against Borneo.* Motif K 1711.1.

Dorson, "Just B'ars," *Appalachia*, n. s. VIII (1942), 180-181.

*The Tiger's War Against Borneo.* Motif K 1711.1.

*The Hunter of Perak.* Cf. Motif J 2061.3.

*The Bet Between Matjan and Gadja.* Motifs K 1715.4 and K 1715.2.

Cf. *Burmese*, pp. 13-17; Malaya: W. Skeat, *Fables & Folk-Tales from an Eastern Forest* (Cambridge, 1901), pp. 41-48.

*Guno and Koyo.* Cf. Type 1290.

*The Messenger.* Type 1540, *The Student from Paradise*.

*Guno's Hunger.* Motif J 2213.3.

*The Messenger.*

*Pursuit of the Hadji.* Type 967\*.

*Crocodile's Share.* Cf. Malaya: Skeat, pp. 22-23.

*War Between the Crocodiles and Kantchil.* Type 155, Motif J 1172.3, plus K 607.2 and a version of K 579.2. Cf. *Burmese*, pp. 17-20, and p. 25; Malaya: Skeat, pp. 20-21.

*The Stone Crusher of Banjang.* Cf. K. N. Fleeson, *Laos Folk-lore of Farther India* (New York, etc., 1899), pp. 37-38 for a version from Indo-China.

*The One Who Said Tjik.* Cf. Fleeson, pp. 27-29.

*The Wood Carver of Ruteng.* A version of Motif D 2011.1.

From Mr. Courlander's notes and mine it appears that many of the stories included in this book have a distribution limited chiefly to India, Burma, Indo-China, Malaya and the Indonesian islands. A check of many of the motif numbers which I have listed emphasizes this. Professor Thompson drew many of them from Jan De Vries' large Indonesian collection and type index. A few of the stories, of course, are also known in the Middle East and Europe.

In my review of these three books, I have pointed out the few ways in which they do not meet the standard of perfection I proposed. I should state quite clearly that in most ways these books are not merely adequate, but excellent. They set a high standard for the presentation of folktales for adults as well as children.

*The Jack Tales.* Richard Chase. Appendix compiled by Herbert Halpert. Illustrated by Berkeley Williams, Jr. (Cambridge: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1943). pp. xiii/201.

*Grandfather Tales.* Richard Chase. Illustrated by Berkeley Williams, Jr. (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1948). pp. x/240.

*Jack and the Three Sillies.* Richard Chase. Illustrated by Joshua Tolford. (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1950). pp. 39.

The books by Mr. Richard Chase contain his re-tellings of folktales he has heard in the mountain region of North Carolina, Virginia, and Kentucky. Since the third volume of the three listed above is different in intention and treatment from the first two, I shall discuss it first. *Jack and the Three Sillies* is aimed at younger children. It is an attractive book with pictures on each page, and the story is well told. I can vouch for the fact that at least one three-year-old boy thinks both the story and the pictures uproariously funny. The text is composed of several stories of foolish behavior. Jack swaps his wife's cow for a pig, the pig for a goose, and so on, ending up with a large round rock useful as a door stop. This tale, Type 1415, is combined with a version of Type 1384, by having the irritated wife

search for three people as foolish as her husband—and find them. I must report unhappily that neither Mr. Chase nor his publishers have seen fit to give us even a brief note on the regional source, or indicate whether the story is from one person's telling or a composite of several versions. Surely a few lines in small type could have been added to give this information.

Since I furnished an essay on the British folktale in America, and lengthy parallels for the eighteen stories in *The Jack Tales*, I do not feel I should comment on the book at length. Mr. Chase states clearly in his introduction that he has retold the stories, taking "the best of many tellings" and "the best of all material" to make his versions. In the appendix he has listed his informants for each story and for many of them has given additional information on local titles, additions or omissions of important elements, occasional euphemization, and the like.

Since the parallels which I supplied have been found useful by some folktale students, I give here a few additional references, especially of items I had overlooked. There are versions of a number of these stories in Vance Randolph's forthcoming book of folktales, *The Half-Wit from Missouri*, for which I have supplied notes. Where these annotations supplement those in the Chase books, I have used the abbreviated reference: "See Randolph," and give Randolph's story title.

- II. See Randolph, "Jack and the Little Bull."
- III. See Randolph, "The Big Old Giant."
- IV. I must correct my statement that I had found no report from England of Type 130, *The Animals in Night Quarters*. I had overlooked the County Durham version reported by A. B. Gomme in *Folk-Lore*, XX (1909), 75-76.
- VII. For Type 111, *Tearing Up the Orchard*, add: L. S. Kearney, *The Hodag* (Wausau, Wis., 1928), p. 128.
- IX. For Type 1696, see additional notes given below for Chase, *Grandfather Tales*, No. 14.
- X. See Randolph, "Fill, Bowl, Fill!"
- XI. Add: J. G. Campbell, *The Fiants (Waifs and Strays of Celtic Tradition, Argyllshire Series*, IV, London, 1891), pp. 183-184, 204-207.
- XII. See Randolph, "Jack and Old Tush."
- XIII. Add: A. B. Gomme, *Folk-Lore*, XX (1909), 76.
- XVII. Add: B. A. Botkin. *A Treasury of Southern Folklore* (New York, 1949), pp. 519-525. This version is of particular interest since it was transcribed from a phonograph recording made by Mrs. Maude Long, of Hot Springs, N. C., a daughter of the Jane Gentry whose tales were published by Isobel Gordon Carter in JAFL. The related Ward-Harmon-Gentry families have the important story-telling family tradition which is the chief source of Mr. Chase's folktales.

Most of the stories in *The Jack Tales* are *Märchen*, long wonder tales with supernatural elements; only eight such tales are given in *Grandfather Tales*. The latter contains fifteen other stories: formula tales, tall tales, and stories of foolish behavior. In the first book the only attempt to unify the tales is by some variation in the opening formula or sentence. Here the device of an all-night storytelling session is used. Mr. Chase and a friend visit a solitary man after supper on Old-Christmas Eve. People come to visit him: storytellers, singers, and children; the night is spent in watching a mummers' play telling stories and singing songs. There are tunes as well as texts for five songs. In addition there is a riddling session, a humorous speech, and some comment on folk beliefs about Christmas. One character whittles a folk toy, a drawing of which is given in the text.

Mr. Chase keeps in control of the time element (people come and go; children fall asleep on the floor) and his command of the mountain idiom is good. He has rightly wanted us to see folklore as alive and functioning in its environment, but for me the device doesn't quite come off: the night is too packed with folklore and old-fashioned behavior. We get, therefore, a distorted picture of mountain life, one that removes the people to a kind of mythical folk land—a situation that is hardly theirs.

Though the stories are varied, only one supernatural legend appears (p. 171), and no local anecdotes. Such selectivity is artificial and does not fit an average storytelling session. After all, Mr. Chase is giving a distillation of the best tales he has heard; his device of presenting them all as part of the same storytelling session lacks conviction.

It may be picayune to ask for this, but I wish we were told in the notes whether Mr. Chase had ever attended such an all night affair. Most of the "whole night through" folksong singing sessions that I have checked on, in which those singers took part who "could sing all night with nary a repeat," usually ended long before daylight.

I feel Mr. Chase would have made more of a contribution to our understanding of folktales in the mountain country if he had given us descriptions of his storytellers and their way of telling the yarns—and had quoted some of their comments on the stories and on other storytellers. He does some of this in his notes on "Mutsmag" and "Chunk o' Meat," and there is a little of it in his introduction to *The Jack Tales*; but we could use much more.

In his preface and in some of the notes (e.g., to "Sallyratus," the "Skoonkin Huntin'" speech, and "The Green Gourd") we do find more hints on Mr. Chase's method of handling his stories. The stories go through a kind of folk process, growing through his own retelling of them. He is quite frank about this, and has helpfully noted where he has made conscious changes. The reader must keep in mind, therefore, that these stories are very much Mr. Chase's artistic re-creation, and occasionally may be farther from the originals than the author's easy control of the mountain idiom would let us suspect.

Since Mr. Chase's notes in *Grandfather Tales* occasionally fail to give the specific folktale types, I have listed all of his stories below, except "The Outlaw Boy," which he says, appears to be a prose version of a Robin Hood ballad. As a convenience for the student, I give the classification by folktale type for most of these tales with occasional supplementary references.

2. *Gallymanders*. A version of Type 480. For a Massachusetts text from 1827 (with a boy as the hero), see Conant, JAFL, VIII (1895), 143-144. Mrs. Jane Gentry's North Carolina text is in Carter, JAFL, XXXVIII (1925), 368-370. A Kentucky text is in the Folklore Archive at Murray State College.
3. *Wicked John*. Type 330 A. See my notes in *The Jack Tales*, No. XVIII, p. 200. Add: Randolph, "Jay Caught the Devil."
4. *Mutsmag*. This tale combines a version of Type 327B (possibly Type 1119) with Type 328. For Type 328 see *The Jack Tales*, No. III, p. 190.
5. *Whitebear Whittington*. Type 425A. See Randolph, "White-Bear Whittington."
7. *Sallyraytus*. The formula repetition in this tale suggests it should be classified with Types 2027 or 2028, rather than with Type 333, *The Glutton*.
8. *The Old Sow*. Type 124, Motif Z 81, *Blowing the house in*, combined with Motif X 714.2. See Randolph, "Three Little Pigs."
9. *Bobtail and the Devil*. Types 1030, 1036 and 1063. For a North Carolina text of Type 1030 (with the Devil and Bobtail) and some references, see Boggs, JAFL, XLVII (1934), 292 and note 1. For notes on Type 1063, see *The Jack Tales*, No. I, p. 189.
10. *Old Dry Frye*. Type 1537.
11. *Catskins*. Type 510 B. The usual motif of the incestuous desire of the father to marry his own daughter is absent from this version as well as from Jane Gentry's text in Carter, JAFL, XXXVIII, 361-363.
12. *Ashpet*. This Type 510 A, Cinderella (Grimm No. 21) with an element of Type 302 in the concluding scenes.
13. *Meat Loves Salt*. This is a good version of Type 923. Part of the theme of Type 425 (minus the monster) is in the introduction. The tower motif from Type 31 also appears here with a grape vine replacing the hair ladder.
14. *Soap*. Type 1696. See my notes in *The Jack Tales*, No. IX, pp. 192-193. For a fragmentary Canadian text, see Waugh, JAFL XXXI (1918), 82.

For a Scottish text see Mathewson, *Miscellanea of the Rymour Club, Edinburgh*, II, 66-68. Add: Brewster, *Hoosier Folklore Bulletin*, III (1944), 19; Smith, *Hoosier Folklore*, V, 52-53. In West Kentucky I have collected the first part of the story as an independent tale.

16. *Presentneed*. Types 1541, 1386, and 1653 A.
17. *Sam and Sooky*. A version of Type 1387 with several motifs of foolish misunderstanding. Mr. Chase combines his notes for 16 and 17, explaining, if I understand him correctly, that the two were combined in versions he heard. He refers to Grimm No. 59 where e find the same combination. He then lists Type 1383, *The Woman Does Not Know Herself*, but in his note says that the episode is his own use of the motif from the song "The Old Woman and the Peddler." I presume he was influenced by the Grimm tale into making this addition. If the addition was not part of the story as heard, Type 1383 should not be listed.
18. *The Two Old Women's Bet*. Type 1406.
19. *The Two Lost Babes*. Type 327 with some elements from Type 328.
20. *Fair Day's Huntin'*. Types 1881, 1890 and 1895. For notes to the last two, see *The Jack Tales*, No. XVI, p. 199.
21. *The Tall Cornstalk*. A number of tall tales are given here, including some derived from Munchausen.
22. *Old Roaney*... See Randolph, "The Wool on Pappy's Filly."
23. *Old One-Eye*. Motif N 611.2. *Criminal accidentally detected: "that is the first"*—sleepy woman counting her yawns.
24. *The Green Gourd*. A formula tale with animal helpers, and ending with a catch, Type 2200.
25. *Chunk o' Meat*. For references to similar stories and rhymes meant to scare children, see my notes in *Hoosier Folklore Bulletin*, I (1942), 11. Add: A. H. Faust, *Folklore from Nova Scotia (Memoirs of the American Folklore Society*, XXIV), pp. 138-139.

It is obvious that Mr. Chase's collections greatly enlarge our knowledge of the folktale repertory of the Southern Appalachians. We are grateful for this, for his willingness to recognize the needs of the folktale specialist by his notes, and for the artistry and tact with which he has presented his folktales. His collections appeal to adults as well as to children; my folklore students always tell me they enjoy reading his books.

*The Marvelous Adventures of Johnny Caesar Cicero Darling*. M. Jagendorf. Foreword by Harold Thompson. Illustrated by Howard Simon. (New York: The Vanguard Press, Inc., 1949). pp. xiii/239.

It is interesting to contrast Mr. Jagendorf's work with Mr. Chase's, since both men are experts at telling stories to children as well as writing for them. Mr. Jagendorf has utilized folklore in several of his books for children. Some of these have combined stories he has re-written from printed works with other tales that he has collected from oral sources.

This book is centered on a man from New York State who started a tall tale cycle about himself and is still a legendary figure in the Delaware River region of the Western Catskill mountains. Mr. Jagendorf has done an excellent job of historical research on John Darling. His analysis of the documentary data on Darling's birth date—he found four conflicting dates—demonstrates that written documents are not necessarily reliable: the process of legend making can take place in the written field. The informative appendix to the book includes brief sketches, often with drawings made from photographs, of all the people who told John Darling stories to the author.

When we examine the stories themselves, we see the justice of Mr. Jagendorf's statement, made in his writings and at folklore society meetings, that he is a "folk-story writer" rather than a folklorist. He has here taken a group of the brief disconnected yarns, chiefly tall stories or clever retorts, whose primary unity is only that they were told by or about John Darling. From hearing these stories and from his knowledge of Darling's life and background derived from oral and documentary research, he has imaginatively created a specific personality. The result is fictionalized biography rather than folklore. John Darling is a folk hero, but Johnny Caesar Cicero Darling is Mr. Jagendorf's creation. They happen to share the same adventures; they do not tell them, from the same point of view.<sup>1</sup>

In nearly all of the thirty-two scenes which take his Johnny Caesar Cicero Darling from birth to final disappearance the plot element is one of John Darling's yarns, as heard from one or more storytellers. It furnishes the framework upon which Mr. Jagendorf lovingly builds a picture of the countryside of the Western Catskills, with its old occupations of lumbering, hunting, rafting, and bark peeling, and within which he develops Darling as a consistent and engaging personality. One of the devices used to this end is Darling's highly stylized manner of bragging; when questioned about his ability to do some feat, he promptly gives all of his previous feats. The list obviously grows longer as the book progresses.

The best way to understand what Mr. Jagendorf does with folklore is to compare his work with the "folk plays" written by the Carolina Playmakers. These are not traditional folk plays handed down by word of mouth. They are the artistic creations of authors who often incorporate folklore in their work because they are interested

<sup>1</sup> For some of John Darling's tales as they are currently told in New York, see my "John Darling, A New York Munchausen," *Journal of American Folklore*, LVII (1944), 97-106.

in rural peoples and their backgrounds and know that folklore plays an important part in their lives. Since Mr. Jagendorf, then, is a writer who uses folklore creatively, his book should be classified as literature that uses folk themes and background, rather than as re-written folklore, and should be judged on that basis. My only regret is that Mr. Jagendorf's publishers have clouded the issue by presenting the book as simon-pure folklore.

*Murray State College*

*Murray, Kentucky*

### **Carl Wilhelm von Sydow**

Carl Wilhelm von Sydow died in Lund, Sweden, on March 4 after a long illness. For forty years he played a leading role in the development of folklore studies not only in Sweden but in the whole world. He trained a number of loyal students at the University of Lund and informally encouraged many others. The beginning of the work of the Irish Folklore Commission came from his enthusiasm and interest. He cooperated with scholars in many countries, especially those interested in the folktale. He was much impressed with the importance of language frontiers as barriers to the spread of folk tradition and he gave helpful discussions of the part played by active bearers of folklore in contrast to those who only passively receive it.

Those of us who were privileged to share the friendship of this great folklorist so lovable, hearty and enthusiastic will miss his counsel and companionship. Another of a famous generation of folktale scholars has gone.

STITH THOMPSON.

## *Midwest Folklore*

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